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COLLECTION

OF

BRITISH AND AMERICAN

STANDARD AUTHORS.

With Biographical Sketches, Introductions,
and Explanatory Notes.

For the Use of Schools and Private Tuition

edited by

F. H. Ahn, Ph. Dr.

VI.

A SELECTION FROM THE WORKS OF ALFRED TENNYSON.

Leipzig:

Published by Ernst Fleischer.
(C. A. Schulze.)

1872.

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OF

ALFRED TENNYSON

POET LAUREATE.

With a Memoir
of the Author and Explanatory Notes.

For the Use of Schools and Private Tuition

edited by

F. H. Ahn, Ph. Dr.,

Professor of Modern Languages at the High-School of Treves, Author of the 'Class-Book of English Poetry and Prose', the 'Theory and Practice of English Composition', &c.

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unbiassed than that generally prevalent in England. Amongst these we would especially return our thanks to Mr. Alfred Austin, from whose clear and ably written work, *The Poetry of the Period,* we have largely quoted.

The appended Notes, explanatory of all such words, phrases, and references not elucidated by the ordinary dictionary, have been carefully prepared, and we trust that the general arrangement of the present volume will ensure it as favourable a reception as has been accorded to its predecessors, and will, in some measure, tend to widen the circle of the English laureate's readers in Germany.

TREVES, February 1872.

F. H. Ahn.

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INTRODUCTORY SKETCH.

When, in the year 1830, a young Cambridge undergraduate put forward a small volume of verse, bearing on its title-page the unknown name of Alfred Tennyson, people took little or no notice of its appearance. And it was certainly not a time in which a new poet could hope for much attention. Southey, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Campbell, and Moore were then in the full blaze of their glory, Scott and Crabbe were not yet lost to the nation, and although Byron and Shelley had gone to their early graves, their deaths had created a fresh interest and demand for their writings, and their influence on the public mind was almost as great as ever. A few readers of these verses were sufficiently curious to enquire who the author might be, and thereby learnt that Alfred Tennyson was the son of a Lincolnshire clergyman—that he was but just twenty years old (having been born in 1810)—and that he had already written a prize-poem at college on the somewhat uninviting subject of *Timbuctoo*.

In spite, however, of the indifferent reception vouchsafed to this little volume, there was in it much that deserved consideration, and had the poetical market been less flooded with proved ability, the talent of Tennyson would most likely have obtained an earlier recognition. Such poems as *Mariana, The Sea-Fairies,* and *The Dying Swan,* were assuredly worth attention, even though the melodies of Moore and the songs of Coleridge and Wordsworth were claiming the applause of the public at the same time. In the first place, these

verses were original—not a mere echo or imitation of any contemporary poet—and originality is above and beyond all things the great mark of poetical ability. The subjects, like Shelley's, were wholly ideal, and if in their treatment they showed less divine passion and enthusiasm than those of the author of *Queen Mab* and *Prometheus*, they had less that was mystical or metaphysical, and were happily entirely free from any taint of scepticism.

Emerson (one of the very small number who at once admitted the talent of the young poet) has thus criticized these earlier poems:—

'Tennyson is endowed precisely in points where Wordsworth wanted. There is no finer ear, nor more command of the keys of language. Colour, like the dawn, flows over the horizon from his pencil, in waves so rich that we do not miss the central form. Through all his refinements, too, he has reached the public—a certificate of good sense and general power, since he who aspires to be the English poet must be as large as London, not in the same kind as London, but in his own kind. But he wants a subject, and climbs no mount of vision to bring its secrets to the people. He contents himself with describing the Englishman as he is, and proposes no better. There are all degrees in poetry; and we must be thankful for every beautiful talent. But it is only a first success when the ear is gained. The best office of the best poets has been to show how low and uninspired was their general style, and that only once or twice they have struck the high chord.'

Two years after the production of this first volume, Tennyson brought out a second, which, it is said, rather disappointed the admirers of its predecessor, having in its pages more of the serene depth of Wordsworth than the wild rhythmical music of Shelley. Nevertheless the progress of the poet was clearly apparent to the critic. What he had lost in mere surface-beauty (if any such loss there was?) he had gained in thought and finish. His name now began to be familiar in the mouths of

men, and, as is the kindly custom of the world, so soon as he showed signs of success, a host of envious detractors arose to bully him back into obscurity. Some said his poetry was mawkish and effeminate, fit only for bread-and-butter school-girls and sentimental maiden ladies, and they gave him the nickname of 'Miss Alfred'. In reply to this attack Tennyson wrote half-a-dozen pungent, sharp-edged verses in *Punch*, which effectually proved that, whatever other faults his muse might have, effeminacy (in the sense assigned it) was not one of them. Then his opposers decided that his writing was overstrained and unnatural, and accordingly classed him, (with a small cluster of kindred clever men—Carlyle, Haynes Bailey, Gilfillan, and Alexander Smith amongst others) under the head of the 'Spasmodic School', which Professor Aytoun, then editor of *Blackwood's Magazine*, ingeniously satirized in *Fermilian, a Spasmodic Tragedy*. The disciples of this school, however, all outlived and outwrote the ridicule of their enemies, and several of their names are now amongst the most popular and highly-prized of modern English authors.

In this second work of the poet were contained *The Lady of Shalott, The Miller's Daughter, Œnone, The Lotus-Eaters,* and *The May Queen.* The first of these is a narrative poem, the leading points of which were afterwards more fully developed in 'Elaine'. *The Lotus-Eaters* is a good specimen of the poet's modulations of rhythm, and has a luxurious dreaminess and langour in its tone—a soft after-dinner drowsiness—equal to the finest passages of Thomson's *Castle of Indolence.* In *The Miller's Daughter* we have the form of writing in which Tennyson most excels—the idyllic poem—and of all his achievements of the kind it is, perhaps, the sweetest. That it differs from the idyllic poems of Burns and others, inasmuch as its descriptions of rustic life and scenery are more delicate and refined, is easily explained by the fact that its hero is himself something more than a mere rustic. 'The long and listless boy late-left an orphan of the squire' is by no means to be

confounded with the unbreeched, unlettered Colins and Johnnies, and Jocks and Jamies, of Burns. And yet the English poet has here as characteristic touches as any of the Scottish bard. The description of the miller in the opening stanzas gives us a picture as perfect and distinct as words can make it; and again, the verse in which the young squire declares his passion to the blushing village beauty is exquisite in its unstrained simplicity.

'But when at last I dared to speak,
The lanes, you know, were white with may,
Your ripe lips moved not, but your cheek
Flush'd like the coming of the day;
And so it was—half-sly, half-shy,
You would, and would not, little one!
Although I pleaded tenderly,
And you and I were all alone.'

In *Œnone* appeared Tennyson's first attempt at English blank verse—the precursor of a series of classical and legendary themes thus rendered. Somewhat of a modern flavour is infused in the ancient myth, but it has many beauties and a clear and easy flow of versification sustained from end to end. Of the remaining poem referred to—*The May Queen*—we need say but little. Its story is as simple as may be; and herein lies its great charm. With the majority of Tennyson's readers it is the most popular of all his detached poems. Nor is it undeservedly so. The judgment of the mass is not generally distinguished by sound criticism, but every now and then it bestows its praises in a right direction. It made an absurd mistake in exalting Longfellow's *Excelsior*, but it is reasonable enough in applauding Tennyson's *May Queen*.

Whether the young poet was discouraged by the severity of his critics we cannot say, but for nearly ten years after his second publication his voice was unheard. Meanwhile considerable gaps and changes had taken place in the poetical world. Scott, Crabbe, and Coleridge were dead, Campbell dying, Southey superannuated; whilst Moore, the shadow of the coming cloud al-

ready darkening his intellect, was frittering away both time and talent amid the whirl of fashionable London. Wordsworth alone seemed a living reality, but even Wordsworth was getting beyond the power of production; and when, in 1842, Tennyson re-appeared with a third volume of poems, he found an almost empty field before him.

The time since '32 had not been an idle one. *Locksley Hall, The Gardener's Daughter, Dora, Lady Clara Vere de Vere,* and the old feudal fragments, *Godiva* and *Morte d'Arthur,* had been conceived and consummated. With regard to these it is unnecessary to go into detail. They are all included in the present selection. What it behoves us to treat of is their effect on the public, and their general influence on the poet's reputation.

In four of the six poems above-named we have a return to blank verse, *Locksley Hall* and *Lady Clara* being the exceptions. The first of these shows, we think, more real energy and intensity than any of his other compositions, saving, perhaps, one or two passages of *Maud.* There is, moreover, a marvellous brilliancy of colouring and imagination revealed throughout, and the passionate utterances of its misanthropic hero have an almost Byronic impetuosity. *Lady Clara Vere de Vere* (a production which the 'tall talk' of Mr. W. F. Collier characterizes as 'one of the sternest rebukes ever levelled at the cold arrogance and deadly cruelty of high-born beauty') is also not wanting in force. The lines—,

> 'Howe'er it be, it seems to me
> 'Tis only noble to be good.
> Kind hearts are more than coronets,
> And simple faith than Norman blood,

are widely popular, and are known, perhaps, in many places where the poem itself has never been read—as most likely they will continue known when the poem itself has been forgotten.*

* Of course there is nothing new in the sentiment they set forth, but it is precisely of that description so congenial

The effect of this third volume was to revive the high opinion of the poet's former admirers and to gain him a host of fresh ones nore enthusiastic still. In a short time Tennyson became the rage. The old gods were either forgotten or thrust aside as false, and the new idol (for it *was* an idol—not a god) was praised and exalted to the height of absurdity. And this adulation has gone on increasing year after year, until even the discerning few, who see the flaws in the fetich, regard it as a hopeless task to attempt to stem the frothy torrent of public opinion. Not content with claiming for their favourite the title of an *exquisite* poet—which he is—they extravagantly demand for him the title of a *great* poet—which, most emphatically, he is not! Already the reaction which must sooner or later succeed all such exaggerated estimates is beginning to be felt; and indeed, in one instance, it has found a voice. Mr. Alfred Austin, hitherto chiefly known as a clever magazine writer, has recently published a book entitled *The Poetry of the Period,* a series of criticisms reprinted from the pages of the *Temple-Bar Magazine.* These criticisms are sharp, honest, and decisive; and, believing them to be well-founded, we shall freely avail ourselves of quotation. Mr. Austin has girded up his loins and gone in for the fray with a vengeance. For him the bugbear Conventionality has no terrors, and the fearless way in which he runs a-tilt at the idols of the day, in breathing whose very names the *vox populi* is reverently lower, is at once instructive and amusing. Never, perhaps, was made

'such havoc of the claims
Of the day's distinguished names,'

as we have in these spirited reviews, and all true lovers to the popular taste. An almost-forgotten poet of the seventeenth century, William Habington, the contemporary of Milton and author of *Castara,* has the same idea (rhyme and all) compressed in a couplet—

'Folly boasts a glorious blood;
She is noblest being good.'

Likely enough, however, this is merely a coincidence.

of poetry may thank their author for the service he has done in thus opening the eyes of the world to the real merits of the modern English bards.

We mentioned *The Gardener's Daughter* as one of the principal poems of Tennyson's third volume, and, in many respects, it is a good example of the poet's powers. Referring to this piece Mr. Austin thus writes:—

'Let me quote a beautiful passage from the 'Gardener's Daughter', to my thinking the best of his Idylls:—

'Not wholly in the busy world, nor quite
Beyond it, blooms the garden that I love.
News from the humming city comes to it
In sound of funeral or of marriage bells;
And, sitting muffled in dark leaves, you hear
The windy clanging of the minster clock;
Although between it and the garden lies
A league of grass, washed by a slow broad stream,
That, stirred with languid pulses of the oar,
Waves all its lazy lilies, and creeps on,
Barge-laden, to three arches of a bridge
Crown'd with the minster-towers.
The fields between
Are dewy-fresh, browsed by deep-uddered kine,
And all about the large lime feathers low,
The lime a summer home of murmurous wings.'*

'You like that vastly! It is one of your favourite passages! So it is with me—especially because it is so intensely Tennysonian, and marks in a definite manner his powers, his mission—in a word, his sweep. I will illustrate and enlarge on my meaning in a moment. But let me first ask, *à propos* of your admiring the above passage so warmly, in what sense it is you admire it, and to what extent? You like it immensely! But what do you *think* of it? Do you seriously think it equal to, or worthy to be named in the same poetical breath with the thunderstorm in the Jura in 'Childe

* This line, as Mr. Austin suggests, is a copy from Keats' and not improved in the copying—*vide* 'Ode to a Nightingale', verse five:—

'And mid-may's eldest child,
The coming musk-rose, full of dewy wine,
The murmurous haunt of flies on summer eves.'

Harold', the description of Waterloo, the long-sustained wail over the 'lone mother of dead Empires, the Niobe of Nations', the address, as of an equal, to the Ocean? equal to or fit to be mentioned in the same poetical breath with the best-known quotations from 'Lear', 'Measure for Measure', 'Henry the Fourth', 'A Midsummers' Night's Dream', or with the most glittering passages from 'Alastor', the 'Lament for Adonaïs', the 'Revolt of Islam', or the 'Prometheus Unbound'? Do you think *that?* No, but you like it better; it comes home to you more; you care more for it? Be it so. Perhaps, too, you prefer the canter of your mamma's steady nag to the long stride and tremendous bound of your father's thorough-bred? But which, after all, is the better horse of the two? We dare say you prefer Zephyrus to Eurus; but which is the stronger, grander wind? The first is smoother, softer, and more in harmony with your mood. That is quite conceivable. But what is your mood? An amiable, elegant, refined one, truly and obviously. But an heroic one?—a sublime one?—a great one? Scarcely. Yet it cannot be supposed that, because you are so constituted as to have a personal preference for the less, you do not know the difference between the less and the greater, and mistake the one for the other. Like Mr. Tennyson, by all means; it would be the height of stupidity and intolerance to try to prevent your doing so. All that is asked is, that you should confess you think a great deal more of poets whom you care to read a good deal less. To refuse that much would imply only obstinacy or dullness, and place you among your favorite poet's 'purblind race of miserable men', who 'take true for false, or false for true.'

Five years passed before Tennyson again appeared in print. At the end of this period was published *The Princess, a Medley*—and a medley, melodious and graceful, it certainly is. The confused representation of modern ideas and manners on a background of chivalry and romance—the antagonistic blending, or attempted blending, of the real with the ideal—and the semi-sen-

timental, semi-farcial nature of its incidents—render its interest as a story and its value as a complete poem simply *nil*.

'For what is it that we read the 'Princess?' asks a popular review.* 'For the stanzas, "Tears, idle tears'; for those others, 'Home they brought her warrior dead'; and a few similar to these, The story is a trifle, and without that wit which gives brilliancy and meaning to trifles. It is a story that has been suggested, manifestly, by important questions; nor is it devoid, at least in one passage, of evidence that Mr. Tennyson has entertained these questions with a clear if not far-seeing eye, and with a tender heart:—

> 'For woman is not undeveloped man,
> But diverse; could we make her as the man,
> Sweet love were slain: his dearest bond is this,
> Not like to like, but like in difference.
> Yet in the long years liker must they grow,
> The man be more of woman, she of man.'

'But the whole poem does nothing at all to support such a passage as this, which might equally well have stood by itself. Whereas, not to speak of Shakspeare, take even such a poem as the 'Ancient Mariner', or an episode like that of Haidée in 'Don Juan', and every part will be found to support and to be necessary to the rest.'

In 1850 was issued (at first anonymously) *In Memoriam*, by many considered the poet's best and strongest work. Like the sonnets of Shakspere, these poems are all devoted to one beloved object—a male friend. The personal application (which, in the case of the sonnets, is a mystery, or at least a contested point) is here, however, acknowledged. Arthur Hallam, a son of the historian and erewhile affianced to Mr. Tennyson's sister, is the man whose memory is thus tenderly and religiously preserved. We feel we are treading on delicate ground in speaking of such a work; and indeed, the ordinary canons of criticism cannot be applied to it. That

* *Quarterly Review*, April, 1869.

it has been a source of real comfort and sympathy to many of its readers is unquestionable. And by these it has probably been overrated. Nevertheless it possesses beauties of no common order, which, despite the sadness and sameness of its theme, in a great measure redeem it from monotony. The objection that so minute a dilation on an individual sorrow is unmanly and unnatural has been anticipated by the poet in section XXI of his volume. From such censures he thus exonerates himself:—

> 'Behold, ye speak an idle thing:
> Ye never knew the sacred dust:
> I do but sing because I must,
> And pipe but as the linnets sing:
>
> And one is glad; her note is gay,
> For now her little ones have ranged;
> And one is sad; her note is changed,
> Because her brood is stol'n away.'

And yet, after repeated readings of *In Memoriam,* we cannot say that it affects us as does Shelley's lament on the death of Keats, or as the *One Word More* that Browning has dedicated to his wife—nor do we think it will endure so long as either of these latter elegies.

In the same year which witnessed the production of *In Memoriam*, Wordsworth, who seems never to have recovered the shock of his daughter's death, was gathered to his quiet grave in the little Westmoreland churchyard of Grasmere, and Tennyson succeeded to the laurel

> 'Greener from the brows
> Of him who uttered nothing base'.

His first and best work in his official capacity as laureate was his *Ode on the Death of Wellington,* published in '52. Three years later came *Maud,* which, in spite of its many occasional beauties, is his weakest composition. Herein the Byronic hero of *Locksley Hall* re-appears in an aggravated form, not only undelivered of the original devil, but possessed of seven devils worse than the first. It is but right, however, to say that

criticism differs as to the merit of this poem. According to Mr. Austin, it is his 'weakest and worst'; whilst the *Quarterly Review*, agreeing with 'that acute critic, M. Taine, 'asserts that both the 'Idylls' and 'Enoch Arden' are far surpassed by 'Maud'. Certainly the two lyrics (included in our selection) beginning, 'I have led her home, my love, my only friend', and 'O that 'twere possible', are as exquisitely Tennysonian as almost anything the author has written; but these single gems cannot atone for the many obscurities and general incoherence of the poem as a whole.

Taking his productions chronologically, we now come to what is the English laureate's most ambitious work—the *Idylls of the King*—'and except the 'Princess', says the *Quarterly Review* in the article we have already quoted, 'it is that which most conclusively proves his inability to embrace a subject of any large compass. It is the effort of a nature essentially lyric to compose something dramatic; and the weakness of the poet in this line is shown by the fact that the whole volume is confined to the region of the sentimental.' Nor is this criticism unfounded. What the *Idylls* want is action—action and energy—and it is precisely in these points that they are most deficient. As they stand, they are too smooth, too soft, too suggestive of the 'delicate days and pleasant' that Swinburne sings and sighs for—in one word, too *tame*. We can fancy the old legendary Arthur and his knights to have 'drunk delight of battle, with all the thirsty zest of the time—to have revelled in what the vigorous Saxon bard calls 'the feast of swords'—to have fought for the good cause with plenty of earnest downright chivalry, chivalry as pure, perhaps, at the kernel as Tennyson describes, but with an outward husk 'as rough as Esau's hand'. At all events with little of the dainty surface-polish he assigns it. They were giants in those days—great in deed, great in design, and above all, great in simplicity—and had the Arthur of the 'Table Round' spoken in the elaborate philosophic fashion of the Arthur of the

Idylls, he would have been as hopelessly incomprehensible to his fellows as was one Babel-bricklayer to another. It is the ideal chivalry of the nineteenth century that Tennyson paints, not the real chivalry of the 'Flos Regum Arthurus'.

Turning from the faults of the *Idylls* to their merits—and they have many—we may once more be permitted to quote from the *Quarterly Review*. 'The great popularity of this volume', says the reviewer, 'was due partly to the sentiment of the book, which in 'Elaine' especially is very lovely, partly to the modernization of the antique which it contains, an eternal source of interest (though the new and old elements here are not blent in perfect harmony), and partly to the easiness of the style; for many people who had been accustomed to regard Mr. Tennyson as a very difficult writer though a great poet, now found on a sudden that he had written a work they could understand as well as the last novel from the circulating library. It would be unjust to deny that the 'Idylls' have in one way merit of a very high order; some of the single lines have a beauty and profundity that has rarely been exceeded'.

In 1864 was produced *Enoch Arden,* a work in which the artistic simplicity of the poet is carried to perfection. The interest of the story, a domestic idyll but dramatic in essence, turns on the marriage of the heroine, Annie Lee, with Philip Ray, her first husband Enoch Arden being still living—although not unreasonably supposed to be dead. This, of course, amounts to bigamy; but it is bigamy in its most innocent and excusable form. Nevertheless a great outcry was made, on the appearance of the poem, by those short-sighted moralists who, frightened at the sound of a word, are too timid to approach near enough to see what a mere scarecrow it is which has alarmed them. They could swallow the camels of the ladies Braddon and Maryatt, of 'Ouida' and Mrs. Wood, and the rest of the sensational sisterhood, but they strained at the inoffensive little gnat of the laureate most obstinately. For once, how-

ever, the judgment of the enlightened prevailed. *Enoch Arden* was acquitted of any deliberate moral obliquity, and in due course was taken to the bosom of the respectable British family with the rest of Tennyson's works.

In the same volume were contained some score or so minor poems, the principal of which are *Aylmer's Field, Sea-Dreams, and The Northern Farmer.* The first-named is a domestic tragedy in blank verse, wherein the characters of Sir Aylmer Aylmer, 'that almighty man, the county God', and of his feeble echo of a wife,

> 'a faded beauty of the Baths,
> Insipid as the Queen upon a card',

are admirably drawn. Here, too, Tennyson shows that skill in condensing in a few lines complete pictures of local peculiarities of scene, which is so striking a feature of his poetry. Take, for example, the description of the drowsy little village and its neighbourhood:—

> 'A land of hops and poppy-mingled corn,
> Little about it stirring save a brook!
> A sleepy land where under the same wheel
> The same old rut would deepen year by year;
> Where almost all the village had one name.'

This is a very gem of poetic *multum in parvo.* Here we have Irving's entire sketch of 'Sleepy Hollow' summed up in five lines.

From *Sea-Dreams* we have taken that masterly imitation of Hudibrastic satire that almost seems like a breath of Butler from the underworld. In *The Northern Farmer* Tennyson revealed a delicious sense of humour which took most of his readers by surprise. This, perhaps, was partly due to the novelty of the dialect it was set forth in, for he had undoubtedly given indications of this quality before. In *The Day-Dream, The Brook, The Talking Oak, Amphion,* and *Will Waterproof*—to say nothing of *The Princess*—there was abundant evidence of his humorous power; and to speak (as Grant does*) of *The Northern Farmer* showing 'that

* *The Last Hundred Years of English Literature.* Jena, 1866.

Tennyson possesses talents which he has never before exhibited', argues either a very superficial acquaintance with his works or a lamentable lack of perception.

After a further lapse of five years, which seems about the average time Tennyson takes for a new volume, *The Holy Grail* appeared in 1869. Of this we need say but little. It is merely a completion of the *Idylls*. In 'The Passing of Arthur' we have the *Morte d'Arthur* which was published with his poems of '42; and although 'The Coming of Arthur' and 'Pelleas and Attarre' are fresh to the public, they are, like 'Enid' and 'Elaine', to be regarded as exquisite cabinet pictures rather than the inseparable parts of a grand poetic whole.

And here we have reached the end of the laureate's list. Of his personal history the little that is public property may be summed up in a single sentence. His early years were passed amid the fens of Lincolnshire and Cambridgeshire; his manhood and married life has been spent at Farringford, Isle of Wight. External influences to so keen a lover of nature as Alfred Tennyson could not fail to affect the scene-painting of his poems. 'Every one well acquainted with Tennyson's writings', remarks a contributor to the *Daily News*, 'will have noticed how the spirit of the scenery which he has depicted has changed, from the 'glooming flats', the 'level waste', where 'stretched wide and wild the waste enormous marsh', which were the reflex of his Lincolnshire observation, to the beautiful meadow and orchard, thoroughly English ruralities of *The Gardener's Daughter* and *The Brook*. Many glimpses in the neighborhood of Farringford will call to mind descriptive passages in these last-named poems.'

Speaking of the faultless taste which is one of the great characteristics of Tennyson's verse, Grant goes on to say, 'it is this which has kept the author from thrusting himself before the public as Byron delighted to do, and the fact that our poetry has been freed from the egotistical vanity of his followers, is in a great degree

owing to Tennyson's influence'. The privacy of an author, more especially of a poet, should always be respected, and we do not therefore feel called upon to apologize for our lack of information respecting the laureate's inner life.

We now come to the critical question of Tennyson's merits as a poet, and here we shall make use of the words of Mr. Austin, whose estimate so nearly coincides with our own.

'Never was there a poet', writes he, 'with such sound judgment and good common sense as Mr. Tennyson. He takes, and has always taken, his own measure far more accuratety than his silly and immoderate admirers. He has never yet attempted anything beyond his reach; and the consequence is, he has never conspicuously failed. But is it not he himself who reminds us that

'He is all fault who hath no fault at all?'

The same holds good of the small poet, whom unwise voices want to proclaim great. There is no really great poet that has not written unmitigated nonsense, perpetrated notable fiascos—that does not, in a word, abound with faults. Where are Mr. Tennyson's faults? He has only one—the fault of not being great enough to commit any. He has what Mr. Carlyle has so happily described as 'the completeness of a limited mind'. He never stumbles, for he never runs. He never flags, because he never soars. He never rises into air too rarefied for him, as Shelley does—air so light and fine that even wings do not there support him. He knows what he can do, and he does it. It is delicate, subtle, pathetic, sometimes even solemn; it is anything else you like; but it is never great. . . . . If we could imagine Shakespeare, Byron, and even Wordsworth, meeting in the Elysian Fields, can we doubt that the 'one touch of nature', common, as we have briefly shown, to all three, would make them kin, and force them to recognize each other as master-minds? But Mr. Tennyson! I fear Shakespeare would consider he had too much of the

'pouncet-box' about him. They would relegate him to 'the garden that he loves', and regard him as one who, like his own 'slow broad stream', is stirred only with languid pulses. His muse is dainty and delicious, but it is not daring and defiant. It is Pegasus, and Pegasus with four very decent legs, small, elegant head, right well groomed, and with an uncommonly good mane and tail; but it is Pegasus without wings. It would be cruel to apply to him Lacordaire's splendid image. Alas! he is no eagle. As I have said, he never soars. He twitters under our roof, sweeps and skims round and round our ponds, is musical in the branches of our trees, plumes himself on the edges of our fountains, builds himself a warm nest under our gables and even in our hearts, 'cheeps', to use his own words, 'twenty million loves', feeds out of our hand, eyes us askance, struts along our lawns, and flutters in and out among our flowery parterres—does all, in fact, that welcome, semi-domesticated swallows, linnets, and musical bullfinches do; but there it ends. He is no 'scorner of the ground'. He never leaves us to plunge among the far-off precipitous crags, to commune with embryonic tempests, to travel with the planets, and then swoop down divinely laden with messages hard yet not altogether impossible to understand. We love him, because he is ours. We love him, because, like the garden he himself loves, he is 'not wholly in the busy world, nor quite beyond it'.

Here, then, we have a clever and honest appreciation of the English laureate's poetical powers, and the substance of it is that Tennyson has every right to be called a tender and exquisite poet, but no earthly claim to be designated a *great* poet. And with this we fully agree. As Mr. Austin conclusively adds, 'he thinks with us of this particular day, feels with us of this day, and is the exponent of such poetical feelings as in this day we are capable of. But as far as poetry is concerned we and our day are not great, but little, and he shares our littleness with us'.

This is the simple truth of the matter; and it is

a truth with which we must learn to reconcile ourselves as best we may. Our present materialistic portion of the nineteenth century is not favourable to poetic growth. Certain atmospheres won't produce pine-apples —certain ages won't produce poets; and if we seek to force either by artificial means the result is equally insipid and unlike nature. If, then, we cannot obtain the finer fruit let us be satisfied with our substitute. 'There are all degrees in poetry', says Emerson, 'and we must be thankful for every beautiful talent'. Granted that great poetry is above us, let us wisely be contented with the lesser. To cry for the moon (the days of Endymion being passed) is the unreasonable act of children. And after all, although we cannot have the moon, we have got a very excellent moderator lamp, with a soft pleasant light that is not too dazzling to the eyes, and as long as we do not confound the one with the other (as we have shown ourselves so blindly inclined to do), posterity may pity our misfortune, but it will not laugh at our fault.

PART I.

MARIANA.

'Mariana in the moated grange.'—*Measure for Measure.*

WITH blackest moss the flower-plots
  Were thickly crusted, one and all:
The rusted nails fell from the knots
  That held the peach to the garden-wall.
The broken sheds look'd sad and strange:
  Unlifted was the clinking latch;
  Weeded and worn the ancient thatch
Upon the lonely moated grange.
  She only said, 'My life is dreary,
    He cometh not,' she said;
  She said, 'I am aweary, aweary,
    I would that I were dead!'

Her tears fell with the dews at even;
  Her tears fell ere the dews were dried;
She could not look on the sweet heaven,
  Either at morn or eventide.
After the flitting of the bats,
  When thickest dark did trance the sky,
  She drew her casement-curtain by,
And glanced athwart the glooming flats.
  She only said, 'The night is dreary,
    He cometh not,' she said;
  She said, 'I am aweary, aweary,
    I would that I were dead!'

Upon the middle of the night,
  Waking she heard the night-fowl crow:
The cock sung out an hour ere light:
  From the dark fen the oxen's low
Came to her: without hope of change,
  In sleep she seem'd to walk forlorn,
  Till cold winds woke the gray-eyed morn
About the lonely moated grange.
    She only said, 'The day is dreary,
      He cometh not,' she said;
    She said, 'I am aweary, aweary,
      I would that I were dead!'

About a stone-cast from the wall
  A sluice with blacken'd waters slept,
And o'er it many, round and small,
  The cluster'd marish-mosses crept.
Hard by a poplar shook alway,
  All silver-green with gnarled bark:
  For leagues no other tree did mark
The level waste, the rounding gray.
    She only said, 'My life is dreary,
      He cometh not,' she said;
    She said, 'I am aweary, aweary,
      I would that I were dead!'

And ever when the moon was low,
  And the shrill winds were up and away,
In the white curtain, to and fro,
  She saw the gusty shadow sway.
But when the moon was very low,
  And wild winds bound within their cell,
  The shadow of the poplar fell
Upon her bed, across her brow.
    She only said, 'The night is dreary,
      He cometh not,' she said;
    She said, 'I am aweary, aweary,
      I would that I were dead!'

All day within the dreamy house,
The doors upon their hinges creak'd;
The blue fly sung in the pane; the mouse
Behind the mouldering wainscot shriek'd,
Or from the crevice peer'd about.
Old faces glimmer'd thro' the doors,
Old footsteps trod the upper floors,
Old voices called her from without.
She only said, 'My life is dreary,
He cometh not,' she said;
She said, 'I am aweary, aweary,
I would that I were dead!'

The sparrow's chirrup on the roof,
The slow clock ticking, and the sound
Which to the wooing wind aloof
The poplar made, did all confound
Her sense; but most she loathed the hour
When the thick-moted sunbeam lay
Athwart the chambers, and the day
Was sloping toward his western bower.
Then, said she, 'I am very dreary,
He will not come,' she said;
She wept, 'I am aweary, aweary,
Oh God, that I were dead!'

SONG.—THE OWL.

1.

When cats run home and light is come,
And dew is cold upon the ground,
And the far-off stream is dumb,
And the whirring sail goes round,
And the whirring sail goes round;
Alone and warming his five wits,
The white owl in the belfry sits.

2.

When merry milkmaids click the latch,
And rarely smells the new-mown hay,

And the cock hath sung beneath the thatch
Twice or thrice his roundelay,
Twice or thrice his roundelay;
Alone and warming his five wits,
The white owl in the belfry sits.

THE POET.

The poet in a golden clime was born,
With golden stars above;
Dower'd with the hate of hate, the scorn of scorn,
The love of love.

He saw thro' life and death, thro' good and ill,
He saw thro' his own soul.
The marvel of the everlasting will,
An open scroll,

Before him lay: with echoing feet he threaded
The secretest walks of fame:
The viewless arrows of his thoughts were headed
And wing'd with flame,

Like Indian reeds blown from his silver tongue,
And of so fierce a flight,
From Calpe unto Caucasus they sung,
Filling with light

And vagrant melodies the winds which bore
Them earthward till they lit;
Then, like the arrow-seeds of the field flower,
The fruitful wit

Cleaving, took root, and springing forth anew
Where'er they fell, behold,
Like to the mother plant in semblance, grew
A flower all gold,

And bravely furnish'd all abroad to fling
The winged shafts of truth,
To throng with stately blooms the breathing spring
Of Hope and Youth.

So many minds did gird their orbs with beams,
Tho' one did fling the fire.
Heaven flow'd upon the soul in many dreams
Of high desire.

Thus truth was multiplied on truth, the world
Like one great garden show'd,
And thro' the wreaths of floating dark upcurl'd,
Rare sunrise flow'd.

And Freedom rear'd in that august sunrise
Her beautiful bold brow,
When rites and forms before his burning eyes
Melted like snow.

There was no blood upon her maiden robes
Sunn'd by those orient skies;
But round about the circles of the globes
Of her keen eyes

And in her raiment's hem was traced in flame
WISDOM, a name to shake
All evil dreams of power—a sacred name.
And when she spake,

Her words did gather thunder as they ran,
And as the lightning to the thunder
Which follows it, riving the spirit of man,
Making earth wonder,

So was their meaning to her words. No sword
Of wrath her right arm whirl'd,
But one poor poet's scroll, and with *his* word
She shook the world.

THE SEA-FAIRIES.

SLOW sail'd the weary mariners and saw,
Betwixt the green brink and the running foam,
Sweet faces, rounded arms, and bosoms prest
To little harps of gold; and while they mused,

Whispering to each other half in fear,
Shrill music reach'd them on the middle sea.

Whither away, whither away, whither away? fly no more.
Whither away from the high green field, and the happy blossoming shore?
Day and night to the billow the fountain calls;
Down shower the gambolling waterfalls
From wandering over the lea:
Out of the live-green heart of the dells
They freshen the silvery-crimson shells,
And thick with white bells the clover-hill swells
High over the full-toned sea:
O hither, come hither and furl your sails,
Come hither to me and to me:
Hither, come hither and frolic and play;
Here it is only the mew that wails;
We will sing to you all the day:
Mariner, mariner, furl your sails,
For here are the blissful dawns and dales,
And merrily merrily carol the gales,
And the spangle dances in bight and bay,
And the rainbow forms and flies on the land
Over the islands free;
And the rainbow lives in the curve of the sand;
Hither, come hither and see;
And the rainbow hangs on the poising wave,
And sweet is the colour of cove and cave,
And sweet shall your welcome be:
O hither, come hither, and be our lords
For merry brides are we:
We will kiss sweet kisses, and speak sweet words:
O listen, listen, your eyes shall glisten
With pleasure and love and jubilee:
O listen, listen, your eyes shall glisten
When the sharp clear twang of the golden chords
Runs up the ridged sea.
Who can light on as happy a shore

All the world o'er, all the world o'er?
Whither away? listen and stay: mariner, mariner, fly no more.

THE DYING SWAN.

1.

The plain was grassy, wild and bare,
Wide, wild, and open to the air,
Which had built up everywhere
An under-roof of doleful gray.
With an inner voice the river ran,
Adown it floated a dying swan,
And loudly did lament.
It was the middle of the day.
Ever the weary wind went on,
And took the reed-tops as it went.

2.

Some blue peaks in the distance rose,
And white against the cold-white sky,
Shone out their crowning snows.
One willow over the river wept,
And shook the wave as the wind did sigh;
Above in the wind was the swallow,
Chasing itself at its own wild will,
And far thro' the marish green and still
The tangled water-courses slept,
Shot over with purple, and green, and yellow.

3.

The wild swan's death-hymn took the soul
Of that waste place with joy
Hidden in sorrow: at first to the ear
The warble was low, and full and clear;
And floating about the under-sky,
Prevailing in weakness, the coronach stole

Sometimes afar, and sometimes anear;
But anon her awful jubilant voice,
With a music strange and manifold,
Flow'd forth on a carol free and bold;
As when a mighty people rejoice
With shawms, and with cymbals, and harps of gold,
And the tumult of their acclaim is roll'd
Thro' the open gates of the city afar,
To the shepherd who watcheth the evening star.
And the creeping mosses and clambering weeds,
And the willow-branches hoar and dank,
And the wavy swell of the soughing reeds,
And the wave-worn horns of the echoing bank,
And the silvery marish-flowers that throng
The desolate creeks and pools among,
Were flooded over with eddying song.

LOVE AND DEATH.

What time the mighty moon was gathering light
Love paced the thymy plots of Paradise,
And all about him roll'd his lustrous eyes;
When, turning round a cassia, full in view
Death, walking all alone beneath a yew,
And talking to himself, first met his sight:
'You must be gone,' said Death, 'these walks are mine.'
Love wept and spread his sheeny vans for flight;
Yet ere he parted said, 'This hour is thine:
Thou art the shadow of life, and as the tree
Stands in the sun and shadows all beneath,
So in the light of great eternity
Life eminent creates the shade of death;
The shadow passeth when the tree shall fall,
But I shall reign for ever over all.'

THE LADY OF SHALOTT.

PART I.

On either side the river lie
Long fields of barley and of rye,
That clothe the wold and meet the sky;
And thro' the field the road runs by
To many-tower'd Camelot;
And up and down the people go,
Gazing where the lilies blow
Round an island there below,
The island of Shalott.

Willows whiten, aspens quiver,
Little breezes dusk and shiver
Thro' the wave that runs for ever
By the island in the river
Flowing down to Camelot.
Four gray walls, and four gray towers,
Overlook a space of flowers,
And the silent isle imbowers
The Lady of Shalott.

By the margin, willow-veil'd,
Slide the heavy barges trail'd
By slow horses; and unhail'd
The shallop flitteth silken-sail'd
Skimming down to Camelot:
But who hath seen her wave her hand?
Or at the casement seen her stand?
Or is she known in all the land,
The Lady of Shalott?

Only reapers, reaping early
In among the bearded barley,
Hear a song that echoes cheerly
From the river winding clearly,
Down to tower'd Camelot:

And by the moon the reaper weary,
Piling sheaves in uplands airy,
Listening, whispers ''Tis the fairy
Lady of Shalott.'

PART II.

THERE she weaves by night and day
A magic web with colours gay.
She has heard a whisper say,
A curse is on her if she stay
To look down to Camelot.
She knows not what the curse may be,
And so she weaveth steadily,
And little other care hath she,
The Lady of Shalott.

And moving thro' a mirror clear
That hangs before her all the year,
Shadows of the world appear.
There she sees the highway near
Winding down to Camelot:
There the river eddy whirls,
And there the surly village-churls,
And the red cloaks of market girls,
Pass onward from Shalott.

Sometimes a troop of damsels glad,
An abbot on an ambling pad,
Sometimes a curly shepherd-lad,
Or long-hair'd page in crimson clad,
Goes by to tower'd Camelot;
And sometimes thro' the mirror blue
The knights come riding two and two:
She hath no loyal knight and true,
The Lady of Shalott.

But in her web she still delights
To weave the mirror's magic sights,
For often thro' the silent nights

A funeral, with plumes and lights,
And music, went to Camelot:
Or when the moon was overhead,
Came two young lovers lately wed;
'I am half sick of shadows,' said
The lady of Shalott.

PART III.

A BOW-SHOT from her bower-eaves,
He rode between the barley-sheaves,
The sun came dazzling thro' the leaves,
And flamed upon the brazen greaves
Of bold Sir Lancelot.
A red-cross knight for ever kneel'd
To a lady in his shield,
That sparkled on the yellow field,
Beside remote Shalott.

The gemmy bridle glitter'd free,
Like to some branch of stars we see
Hung in the golden Galaxy.
The bridle bells rang merrily
As he rode down to Camelot:
And from his blazon'd baldric slung
A mighty silver bugle hung,
And as he rode his armour rung,
Beside remote Shalott.

All in the blue unclouded weather
Thick-jewell'd shone the saddle-leather,
The helmet and the helmet-feather
Burn'd like one burning flame together,
As he rode down to Camelot.
As often thro' the purple night,
Below the starry clusters bright,
Some bearded meteor, trailing light,
Moves over still Shalott.

His broad clear brow in sunlight glow'd;
On burnish'd hooves his war-horse trode;
From underneath his helmet flow'd
His coal-black curls as on he rode,
As he rode down to Camelot.
From the bank and from the river
He flash'd into the crystal mirror,
'Tirra lirra,' by the river
Sang Sir Lancelot.

She left the web, she left the loom,
She made three paces thro' the room,
She saw the water-lily bloom,
She saw the helmet and the plume,
She look'd down to Camelot.
Out flew the web and floated wide;
The mirror crack'd from side to side;
'The curse is come upon me,' cried
The Lady of Shalott.

PART IV.

In the stormy east-wind straining,
The pale yellow woods were waning,
The broad stream in his banks complaining,
Heavily the low sky raining
Over tower'd Camelot;
Down she came and found a boat
Beneath a willow left afloat,
And round about the prow she wrote
The Lady of Shalott.

And down the river's dim expanse—
Like some bold seër in a trance,
Seeing all his own mischance—
With a glassy countenance
Did she look to Camelot.
And at the closing of the day

She loosed the chain, and down she lay;
The broad stream bore her far away,
The Lady of Shalott.

Lying, robed in snowy white
That loosely flew to left and right—
The leaves upon her falling light—
Thro' the noises of the night
She floated down to Camelot;
And as the boat-head wound along
The willowy hills and fields among,
They heard her singing her last song,
The Lady of Shalott.

Heard a carol, mournful, holy,
Chanted loudly, chanted lowly,
Till her blood was frozen slowly,
And her eyes were darken'd wholly,
Turn'd to tower'd Camelot;
For ere she reach'd upon the tide
The first house by the water-side,
Singing in her song she died,
The Lady of Shalott.

Under tower and balcony,
By garden-wall and gallery,
A gleaming shape she floated by,
Dead-pale between the houses high,
Silent into Camelot.
Out upon the wharfs they came,
Knight and burgher, lord and dame,
And round the prow they read her name,
The Lady of Shalott.

Who is this? and what is here?
And in the lighted palace near
Died the sound of royal cheer;
And they cross'd themselves for fear,
All the knights at Camelot:

But Lancelot mused a little space;
He said, 'She has a lovely face;
God in his mercy lend her grace,
The Lady of Shalott.'

THE MILLER'S DAUGHTER.

I SEE the wealthy miller yet,
His double chin, his portly size,
And who that knew him could forget
The busy wrinkles round his eyes?
The slow wise smile that, round about
His dusty forehead drily curl'd,
Seem'd half-within and half-without,
And full of dealings with the world?

In yonder chair I see him sit,
Three fingers round the old silver cup—
I see his gray eyes twinkle yet
At his own jest—gray eyes lit up
With summer lightnings of a soul
So full of summer warmth, so glad,
So healthy, sound, and clear and whole,
His memory scarce can make me sad.

Yet fill my glass: give me one kiss:
My own sweet Alice, we must die.
There's somewhat in this world amiss
Shall be unriddled by and by.
There's somewhat flows to us in life,
But more is taken quite away.
Pray, Alice, pray, my darling wife,
That we may die the self-same day.

Have I not found a happy earth?
I least should breathe a thought of pain.
Would God renew me from my birth
I'd almost live my life again.

So sweet it seems with thee to walk,
And once again to woo thee mine—
It seems in after-dinner talk
Across the walnuts and the wine—

To be the long and listless boy
Late-left an orphan of the squire,
Where this old mansion mounted high
Looks down upon the village spire:
For even here, where I and you
Have lived and loved alone so long,
Each morn my sleep was broken thro'
By some wild skylark's matin song.

And oft I heard the tender dove
In firry woodlands making moan;
But ere I saw your eyes, my love,
I had no motion of my own.
For scarce my life with fancy play'd
Before I dream'd that pleasant dream—
Still hither thither idly sway'd
Like those long mosses in the stream.

Or from the bridge I lean'd to hear
The milldam rushing down with noise,
And see the minnows everywhere
In crystal eddies glance and poise,
The tall flag-flowers when they sprung
Below the range of stepping-stones,
Or those three chestnuts near, that hung
In masses thick with milky cones.

But, Alice, what an hour was that,
When after roving in the woods
('Twas April then), I came and sat
Below the chestnuts, when their buds
Were glistening to the breezy blue;
And on the slope, an absent fool,
I cast me down, nor thought of you,
But angled in the higher pool.

A love-song I had somewhere read,
An echo from a measured strain,
Beat time to nothing in my head
From some odd corner of the brain.
It haunted me, the morning long,
With weary sameness in the rhymes,
The phantom of a silent song,
That went and came a thousand times.

Then leapt a trout. In lazy mood
I watch'd the little circles die;
They past into the level flood,
And there a vision caught my eye;
The reflex of a beauteous form,
A glowing arm, a gleaming neck,
As when a sunbeam wavers warm
Within the dark and dimpled beck.

For you remember, you had set,
That morning, on the casement's edge
A long green box of mignonette,
And you were leaning from the ledge:
And when I raised my eyes, above
They met with two so full and bright—
Such eyes! I swear to you, my love,
That these have never lost their light.

I loved, and love dispell'd the fear
That I should die an early death:
For love possess'd the atmosphere,
And fill'd the breast with purer breath.
My mother thought, What ails the boy?
For I was alter'd, and began
To move about the house with joy,
And with the certain step of man.

I loved the brimming wave that swam
Thro' quiet meadows round the mill,
The sleepy pool above the dam,
The pool beneath it never still,

The meal-sacks on the whiten'd floor,
The dark round of the dripping wheel,
The very air about the door
Made misty with the floating meal.

And oft in ramblings on the wold,
When April nights began to blow,
And April's crescent glimmer'd cold,
I saw the village lights below;
I knew your taper far away,
And full at heart of trembling hope,
From off the wold I came, and lay
Upon the freshly-flower'd slope.

The deep brook groan'd beneath the mill;
And 'by that lamp,' I thought, 'she sits!'
The white chalk-quarry from the hill
Gleam'd to the flying moon by fits.
'O that I were beside her now!
O will she answer if I call?
O would she give me vow for vow,
Sweet Alice, if I told her all?'

Sometimes I saw you sit and spin;
And, in the pauses of the wind,
Sometimes I heard you sing within;
Sometimes your shadow cross'd the blind.
At last you rose and moved the light,
And the long shadow of the chair
Flitted across into the night,
And all the casement darken'd there.

But when at last I dared to speak,
The lanes, you know, were white with may,
Your ripe lips moved not, but your cheek
Flush'd like the coming of the day;
And so it was—half-sly, half-shy,
You would, and would not, little one!
Although I pleaded tenderly,
And you and I were all alone.

And slowly was my mother brought
To yield consent to my desire:
She wish'd me happy, but she thought
I might have look'd a little higher;
And I was young—too young to wed:
'Yet must I love her for your sake;
Go fetch your Alice here,' she said:
Her eyelid quiver'd as she spake.

And down I went to fetch my bride:
But, Alice, you were ill at ease;
This dress and that by turns you tried,
Too fearful that you should not please.
I loved you better for your fears,
I knew you could not look but well;
And dews, that would have fall'n in tears,
I kiss'd away before they fell.

I watch'd the little flutterings,
The doubt my mother would not see;
She spoke at large of many things,
And at the last she spoke of me;
And turning look'd upon your face,
As near this door you sat apart,
And rose, and, with a silent grace
Approaching, press'd you heart to heart.

Ah, well—but sing the foolish song
I gave you, Alice, on the day
When, arm in arm, we went along,
A pensive pair, and you were gay
With bridal flowers—that I may seem,
As in the nights of old, to lie
Beside the mill-wheel in the stream,
While those full chestnuts whisper by.

It is the miller's daughter,
And she is grown so dear, so dear,
That I would be the jewel
That trembles at her ear;

For hid in ringlets day and night,
I'd touch her neck so warm and white.

And I would be the girdle
About her dainty dainty waist,
And her heart would beat against me,
In sorrow and in rest:
And I should know if it beat right;
I'd clasp it round so close and tight.

And I would be the necklace,
And all day long to fall and rise
Upon her balmy bosom,
With her laughter or her sighs,
And I would lie so light, so light,
I scarce should be unclasp'd at night.

A trifle, sweet! which true love spells—
True love interprets—right alone.
His light upon the letter dwells,
For all the spirit is his own.
So, if I waste words now, in truth
You must blame Love. His early rage
Had force to make me rhyme in youth,
And makes me talk too much in age.

And now those vivid hours are gone,
Like mine own life to me thou art,
Where Past and Present, wound in one,
Do make a garland for the heart:
So sing that other song I made,
Half-anger'd with my happy lot,
The day, when in the chestnut shade
I found the blue Forget-me-not.

Love that hath us in the net,
Can he pass, and we forget?
Many suns arise and set.
Many a chance the years beget.

Love the gift is Love the debt.
Even so.
Love is hurt with jar and fret.
Love is made a vague regret.
Eyes with idle tears are wet.
Idle habit links us yet.
What is love? for we forget:
Ah, no! no!

Look thro' mine eyes with thine. True wife,
Round my true heart thine arms entwine;
My other dearer life in life,
Look thro' my very soul with thine!
Untouch'd with any shade of years,
May those kind eyes for ever dwell!
They have not shed a many tears,
Dear eyes, since first I knew them well.

Yet tears they shed: they had their part
Of sorrow: for when time was ripe,
The still affection of the heart
Became an outward breathing type,
That into stillness past again,
And left a want unknown before;
Although the loss that brought us pain,
That loss but made us love the more,

With farther lookings on. The kiss,
The woven arms, seem but to be
Weak symbols of the settled bliss,
The comfort, I have found in thee:
But that God bless thee, dear—who wrought
Two spirits to one equal mind—
With blessings beyond hope or thought,
With blessings which no words can find.

Arise, and let us wander forth,
To yon old mill across the wolds;
For look, the sunset, south and north,
Winds all the vale in rosy folds,

And fires your narrow casement glass,
Touching the sullen pool below:
On the chalk-hill the bearded grass
Is dry and dewless. Let us go.

ŒNONE.

THERE lies a vale in Ida, lovelier
Than all the valleys of Ionian hills.
The swimming vapour slopes athwart the glen,
Puts forth an arm, and creeps from pine to pine,
And loiters, slowly drawn. On either hand
The lawns and meadow-ledges midway down
Hang rich in bloom, and far below them roars
The long brook falling thro' the clov'n ravine
In cataract after cataract to the sea.
Behind the valley topmost Gargarus
Stands up and takes the morning: but in front
The gorges, opening wide apart, reveal
Troas and Ilion's column'd citadel,
The crown of Troas.

Hither came at noon
Mournful Œnone, wandering forlorn
Of Paris, once her playmate on the hills.
Her cheek had lost the rose, and round her neck
Floated her hair or seem'd to float in rest.
She, leaning on a fragment twined with vine,
Sang to the stillness, till the mountain-shade
Sloped downward to her seat from the upper cliff.

'O mother Ida, many-fountain'd Ida,
Dear mother Ida, harken ere I die.
For now the noonday quiet holds the hill:
The grasshopper is silent in the grass:
The lizard, with his shadow on the stone,
Rests like a shadow, and the cicala sleeps.
The purple flowers droop: the golden bee
Is lily-cradled: I alone awake.
My eyes are full of tears, my heart of love,

My heart is breaking, and my eyes are dim,
And I am all aweary of my life.

'O mother Ida, many-fountain'd Ida,
Dear mother Ida, harken ere I die.
Hear me O Earth, hear me O Hills, O Caves
That house the cold crown'd snake! O mountain brooks,
I am the daughter of a River-God,
Hear me, for I will speak, and build up all
My sorrow with my song, as yonder walls
Rose slowly to a music slowly breathed,
A cloud that gather'd shape: for it may be
That, while I speak of it, a little while
My heart may wander from its deeper woe.

'O mother Ida, many-fountain'd Ida,
Dear mother Ida, harken ere I die.
I waited underneath the dawning hills,
Aloft the mountain lawn was dewy-dark,
And dewy-dark aloft the mountain pine:
Beautiful Paris, evil-hearted Paris,
Leading a jet-black goat white-horn'd, white-hooved,
Came up from reedy Simoïs all alone.

'O mother Ida, harken ere I die.
Far-off the torrent call'd me from the cleft:
Far up the solitary morning smote
The streaks of virgin snow. With down-dropt eyes
I sat alone: white-breasted like a star
Fronting the dawn he moved; a leopard skin
Droop'd from his shoulder, but his sunny hair
Cluster'd about his temples like a God's;
And his cheek brighten'd as the foam-bow brightens
When the wind blows the foam, and all my heart
Went forth to embrace him coming ere he came.

'Dear mother Ida, harken ere I die.
He smiled, and opening out his milk-white palm
Disclosed a fruit of pure Hesperian gold,
That smelt ambrosially, and while I look'd

And listen'd, the full-flowing river of speech
Came down upon my heart.

'My own Œnone,
Beautiful-brow'd Œnone, my own soul,
Behold this fruit, whose gleaming rind ingrav'n
'For the most fair,' would seem to award it thine,
As lovelier than whatever Oread haunt
The knolls of Ida, loveliest in all grace
Of movement, and the charm of married brows.'

'Dear mother Ida, harken ere I die.
He prest the blossom of his lips to mine,
And added 'This was cast upon the board,
When all the full-faced presence of the Gods
Ranged in the halls of Peleus; whereupon
Rose feud, with question unto whom 'twere due:
But light-foot Iris brought it yester-eve,
Delivering, that to me, by common voice,
Elected umpire, Herè comes to-day,
Pallas and Aphrodite, claiming each
This meed of fairest. Thou, within the cave
Behind yon whispering tuft of oldest pine,
Mayst well behold them unbeheld, unheard
Hear all, and see thy Paris judge of Gods.'

'Dear mother Ida, harken ere I die.
It was the deep midnoon: one silvery cloud
Had lost his way between the piney sides
Of this long glen. Then to the bower they came,
Naked they came to that smooth-swarded bower,
And at their feet the crocus brake like fire,
Violet, amaracus, and asphodel,
Lotos and lilies: and a wind arose,
And overhead the wandering ivy and vine,
This way and that, in many a wild festoon
Ran riot, garlanding the gnarled boughs
With bunch and berry and flower thro' and thro'.

'O mother Ida, harken ere I die.
On the tree-tops a crested peacock lit,

And o'er him flow'd a golden cloud, and lean'd
Upon him, slowly dropping fragrant dew.
Then first I heard the voice of her, to whom
Coming thro' Heaven, like a light that grows
Larger and clearer, with one mind the Gods
Rise up for reverence. She to Paris made
Proffer of royal power, ample rule
Unquestion'd, overflowing revenue
Wherewith to embellish state, 'from many a vale
And river-sunder'd champaign clothed with corn,
Or labour'd mines undrainable of ore.
Honour,' she said, 'and homage, tax and toll,
From many an inland town and haven large,
Mast-throng'd beneath her shadowing citadel
In glassy bays among her tallest towers.'

'O mother Ida, harken ere I die.
Still she spake on and still she spake of power,
'Which in all action is the end of all;
Power fitted to the season; wisdom-bred
And throned of wisdom—from all neighbour crowns
Alliance and allegiance, till thy hand
Fail from the sceptre-staff. Such boon from me,
From me, Heaven's Queen, Paris, to thee king-born,
A shepherd all thy life but yet king-born,
Should come most welcome, seeing men, in power
Only, are likest gods, who have attain'd
Rest in a happy place and quiet seats
Above the thunder, with undying bliss
In knowledge of their own supremacy.'

'Dear mother Ida, harken ere I die.
She ceased, and Paris held the costly fruit
Out at arm's-length, so much the thought of power
Flatter'd his spirit; but Pallas where she stood
Somewhat apart, her clear and bared limbs
O'erthwarted with the brazen-headed spear
Upon her pearly shoulder leaning cold,
The while, above, her full and earnest eye

Over her snow-cold breast and angry cheek
Kept watch, waiting decision, made reply.

"Self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control,
These three alone lead life to sovereign power.
Yet not for power, (power of herself
Would come uncall'd for) but to live by law,
Acting the law we live by without fear;
And, because right is right, to follow right
Were wisdom in the scorn of consequence."

'Dear mother Ida, harken ere I die.
Again she said: 'I woo thee not with gifts.
Sequel of guerdon could not alter me
To fairer. Judge thou me by what I am,
So shalt thou find me fairest.

Yet, indeed,

If gazing on divinity disrobed
Thy mortal eyes are frail to judge of fair,
Unbiass'd by self-profit, oh! rest thee sure
That I shall love thee well aud cleave to thee,
So that my vigour, wedded to thy blood,
Shall strike within thy pulses, like a God's,
To push thee forward thro' a life of shocks,
Dangers, and deeds, until endurance grow
Sinew'd with action, and the full-grown will,
Circled thro' all experiences, pure law,
Commeasure perfect freedom.'

'Here she ceased,

And Paris ponder'd, and I cried, 'O Paris,
Give it to Pallas!' but he heard me not,
Or hearing would not hear me, woe is me!

'O mother Ida, many fountain'd Ida,
Dear mother Ida, harken ere I die.
Idalian Aphrodite beautiful,
Fresh as the foam, new-bathed in Paphian wells,
With rosy slender fingers backward drew
From her warm brows and bosom her deep hair
Ambrosial, golden round her lucid throat

And shoulder: from the violets her light foot
Shone rosy-white, and o'er her rounded form
Between the shadows of the vine-bunches
Floated the glowing sunlights, as she moved.

'Dear mother Ida, harken ere I die.
She with a subtle smile in her mild eyes,
The herald of her triumph, drawing nigh
Half-whisper'd in his ear, 'I promise thee
The fairest and most loving wife in Greece.'
She spoke and laugh'd: I shut my sight for fear:
But when I look'd, Paris had raised his arm,
And I behèld great Herè's angry eyes,
As she withdrew into the golden cloud,
And I was left alone within the bower;
And from that time to this I am alone,
And I shall be alone until I die.

'Yet, mother Ida, harken ere I die.
Fairest—why fairest wife? am I not fair?
My love hath told me so a thousand times.
Methinks I must be fair, for yesterday,
When I past by, a wild and wanton pard,
Eyed like the evening star, with playful tail
Crouch'd fawning in the weed. Most loving is she?
Ah me, my mountain shepherd, that my arms
Were wound about thee, and my hot lips prest
Close, close to thine in that quick-falling dew
Of fruitful kisses, thick as Autumn rains
Flash in the pools of whirling Simois.

'O mother, hear me yet before I die.
They came, they cut away my tallest pines,
My dark tall pines, that plumed the craggy ledge
High over the blue gorge, and all between
The snowy peak and snow-white cataract
Foster'd the callow eaglet—from beneath
Whose thick mysterious boughs in the dark morn
The panther's roar came muffled, while I sat
Low in the valley. Never, never more

Shall lone Œnone see the morning mist
Sweep thro' them; never see them overlaid
With narrow moon-lit slips of silver cloud,
Between the loud stream and the trembling stars.

'O mother, hear me yet before I die.
I wish that somewhere in the ruin'd folds,
Among the fragments tumbled from the glens,
Or the dry thickets, I could meet with her,
The Abominable, that uninvited came
Into the fair Peleïan banquet-hall,
And cast the golden fruit upon the board,
And bred this change; that I might speak my mind,
And tell her to her face how much I hate
Her presence, hated both of Gods and men.

'O mother, hear me yet before I die.
Hath he not sworn his love a thousand times,
In this green valley, under this green hill,
Ev'n on this hand, and sitting on this stone?
Seal'd it with kisses? water'd it with tears?
O happy tears, and how unlike to these!
O happy Heaven, how canst thou see my face?
O happy earth, how canst thou bear my weight?
O death, death, death, thou ever-floating cloud,
There are enough unhappy on this earth,
Pass by the happy souls, that love to live:
I pray thee, pass before my light of life,
And shadow all my soul, that I may die.
Thou weighest heavy on the heart within,
Weigh heavy on my eyelids: let me die.

'O mother, hear me yet before I die.
I will not die alone, for fiery thoughts
Do shape themselves within me, more and more,
Whereof I catch the issue, as I hear
Dead sounds at night come from the inmost hills,
Like footsteps upon wool. I dimly see
My far-off doubtful purpose, as a mother
Conjectures of the features of her child

Ere it is born: her child!—a shudder comes
Across me: never child be born of me,
Unblest, to vex me with his father's eyes!

'O mother, hear me yet before I die.
Hear me, O earth. I will not die alone,
Lest their shrill happy laughter come to me
Walking the cold and starless road of Death
Uncomforted, leaving my ancient love
With the Greek woman. I will rise and go
Down into Troy, and ere the stars come forth
Talk with the wild Cassandra, for she says
A fire dances before her, and a sound
Rings ever in her ears of armed men.
What this may be I know not, but I know
That, wheresoe'er I am by night and day,
All earth and air seem only burning fire.'

LADY CLARA VERE DE VERE.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere,
  Of me you shall not win renown:
You thought to break a country heart
  For pastime, ere you went to town.
At me you smiled, but unbeguiled
  I saw the snare, and I retired:
The daughter of a hundred Earls,
  You are not one to be desired.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere,
  I know you proud to bear your name,
Your pride is yet no mate for mine,
  Too proud to care from whence I came.
Nor would I break for your sweet sake
  A heart that doats on truer charms.
A simple maiden in her flower
  Is worth a hundred coats-of-arms.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere,
Some meeker pupil you must find,
For were you queen of all that is,
I could not stoop to such a mind.
You sought to prove how I could love,
And my disdain is my reply.
The lion on your old stone gates
Is not more cold to you than I.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere,
You put strange memories in my head.
Not thrice your branching limes have blown
Since I beheld young Laurence dead.
Oh your sweet eyes, your low replies:
A great enchantress you may be;
But there was that across his throat
Which you had hardly cared to see.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere,
When thus he met his mother's view,
She had the passions of her kind,
She spake some certain truths of you.
Indeed I heard one bitter word
That scarce is fit for you to hear;
Her manners had not that repose
Which stamps the caste of Vere de Vere.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere,
There stands a spectre in your hall:
The guilt of blood is at your door:
You changed a wholesome heart to gall.
You held your course without remorse,
To make him trust his modest worth,
And, last, you fix'd a vacant stare,
And slew him with your noble birth.

Trust me, Clara Vere de Vere,
From yon blue heavens above us bent
The grand old gardener and his wife
Smile at the claims of long descent.

How e'er it be, it seems to me,
'Tis only noble to be good.
Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood.

I know you, Clara Vere de Vere:
You pine among your halls and towers:
The languid light of your proud eyes
Is wearied of the rolling hours.
In glowing health, with boundless wealth,
But sickening of a vague disease,
You know so ill to deal with time,
You needs must play such pranks as these.

Clara, Clara Vere de Vere,
If Time be heavy on your hands,
Are there no beggars at your gate,
Nor any poor about your lands?
Oh! teach the orphan-boy to read,
Or teach the orphan-girl to sew,
Pray Heaven for a human heart,
And let the foolish yeoman go.

PART II.

THE MAY QUEEN.

You must wake and call me early, call me early, mother dear;
To-morrow 'ill be the happiest time of all the glad New-year;
Of all the glad New-year, mother, the maddest merriest day;
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

There's many a black black eye, they say, but none so bright as mine;
There's Margaret and Mary, there's Kate and Caroline:
But none so fair as little Alice in all the land they say,
So I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

I sleep so sound all night, mother, that I shall never wake,
If you do not call me loud when the day begins to break:
But I must gather knots of flowers, and buds and garlands gay,
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

As I came up the valley whom think ye should I see,
But Robin leaning on the bridge beneath the hazel-tree?
He thought of that sharp look, mother, I gave him yesterday,—
But I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

He thought I was a ghost, mother, for I was all in white,
And I ran by him without speaking, like a flash of light.
They call me cruel-hearted, but I care not what they say,
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

They say he's dying all for love, but that can never be:
They say his heart is breaking, mother—what is that to me?
There's many a bolder lad 'ill woo me any summer day,
And I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

Little Effie shall go with me to-morrow to the green,
And you'll be there, too, mother, to see me made the Queen:
For the shepherd lads on every side 'ill come from far away,
And I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

The honeysuckle round the porch has wov'n its wavy bowers,
And by the meadow-trenches blow the faint sweet cuckoo-flowers;
And the wild marsh-marigold shines like fire in swamps and hollows gray,
And I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

The night-winds come and go, mother, upon the meadow-grass,
And the happy stars above them seem to brighten as they pass;
There will not be a drop of rain the whole of the live-long day,
And I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

All the valley, mother, 'ill be fresh and green and still,
And the cowslip and the crowfoot are over all the hill,
And the rivulet in the flowery dale 'ill merrily glance and play,
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

So you must wake and call me early, call me early, mother dear,
To-morrow 'ill be the happiest time of all the glad New-year:
To-morrow 'ill be of all the year the maddest merriest day,
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

NEW-YEAR'S EVE.

If you're waking call me early, call me early, mother dear,
For I would see the sun rise upon the glad New-year.
It is the last New-year that I shall ever see,
Then you may lay me low i' the mould and think no more of me.

To-night I saw the sun set: he set and left behind
The good old year, the dear old time, and all my peace of mind;
And the New-year's coming up, mother, but I shall never see
The blossom on the blackthorn, the leaf upon the tree.

Last May we made a crown of flowers: we had a merry
day;
Beneath the hawthorn on the green they made me
Queen of May;
And we danced about the may-pole and in the hazel-
copse,
Till Charles's Wain came out above the tall white
chimney-tops.

There's not a flower on all the hills: the frost is on
the pane:
I only wish to live till the snowdrops come again:
I wish the snow would melt and the sun come out on
high:
I long to see a flower so before the day I die.

The building rook 'ill caw from the windy tall elm-tree,
And the tufted plover pipe along the fallow lea,
And the swallow 'ill come back again with summer
o'er the wave,
But I shall lie alone, mother, within the mouldering
grave.

Upon the chancel-casement, and upon that grave of
mine,
In the early early morning the summer sun 'ill shine,
Before the red cock crows from the farm upon the hill,
When you are warm-asleep, mother, and all the world
is still.

When the flowers come again, mother, beneath the
waning light
You'll never see me more in the long gray fields at
night;
When from the dry dark wold the summer airs blow
cool
On the oat-grass and the sword-grass, and the bulrush
in the pool.

You'll bury me, my mother, just beneath the hawthorn
shade,

And you'll come sometimes and see me where I am
lowly laid.
I shall not forget you, mother, I shall hear you when
you pass,
With your feet above my head in the long and pleasant
grass.

I have been wild and wayward, but you'll forgive me
now;
You'll kiss me, my own mother, and forgive me ere
I go;
Nay, nay, you must not weep, nor let your grief be
wild,
You should not fret for me, mother, you have another
child.

If I can I'll come again, mother, from out my resting-
place;
Tho' you'll not see me, mother, I shall look upon your
face;
Tho' I cannot speak a word, I shall harken what you
say,
And be often, often with you when you think I'm
far away.

Goodnight, goodnight, when I have said goodnight for
evermore,
And you see me carried out from the threshold of the
door;
Don't let Effie come to see me till my grave be
growing green:
She'll be a better child to you than ever I have been.

She'll find my garden-tools upon the granary floor:
Let her take 'em; they are hers: I shall never garden
more:
But tell her, when I'm gone, to train the rose-bush
that I set
About the parlour-window and the box of mignonette.

Good-night, sweet mother: call me before the day is
born.
All night I lie awake, but I fall asleep at morn;
But I would see the sun rise upon the glad New-year,
So, if you're waking, call me, call me early, mother
dear.

CONCLUSION.

I THOUGHT to pass away before, and yet alive I am;
And in the fields all round I hear the bleating of the
lamb.
How sadly, I remember, rose the morning of the year!
To die before the snowdrop came, and now the violet's
here.

O sweet is the new violet, that comes beneath the skies,
And sweeter is the young lamb's voice to me that
cannot rise,
And sweet is all the land about, and all the flowers
that blow,
And sweeter far is death than life to me that long
to go.

It seem'd so hard at first, mother, to leave the blessed
sun,
And now it seems as hard to stay, and yet His will be
done!
But still I think it can't be long before I find release;
And that good man, the clergyman, has told me words
of peace.

O blessings on his kindly voice and on his silver hair!
And blessings on his whole life long, until he meet me
there!
O blessings on his kindly heart and on his silver head!
A thousand times I blest him, as he knelt beside my
bed.

He taught me all the mercy, for he show'd me all the sin.
Now, tho' my lamp was lighted late, there's One will let me in:
Nor would I now be well, mother, again, if that could be,
For my desire is but to pass to Him that died for me.

I did not hear the dog howl, mother, or the death-watch beat,
There came a sweeter token when the night and morning meet:
But sit beside my bed, mother, and put your hand in mine,
And Effie on the other side, and I will tell the sign.

All in the wild March-morning I heard the angels call;
It was when the moon was setting, and the dark was over all;
The trees began to whisper, and the wind began to roll,
And in the wild March-morning I heard them call my soul.

For lying broad awake I thought of you and Effie dear;
I saw you sitting in the house, and I no longer here;
With all my strength I pray'd for both, and so I felt resign'd,
And up the valley came a swell of music on the wind.

I thought that it was fancy, and I listen'd in my bed,
And then did something speak to me—I know not what was said;
For great delight and shuddering took hold of all my mind,
And up the valley came again the music on the wind.

But you were sleeping; and I said, 'It's not for them: it's mine.'
And if it comes three times, I thought, I take it for a sign.

And once again it came, and close beside the window-
bars,
Then seem'd to go right up to Heaven and die among
the stars.

So now I think my time is near. I trust it is. I know
The blessed music went that way my soul will have
to go.
And for myself, indeed, I care not if I go to-day.
But, Effie, you must comfort *her* when I am past away.

And say to Robin a kind word, and tell him not to
fret;
There's many worthier than I, would make him happy
yet.
If I had lived—I cannot tell—I might have been his
wife;
But all these things have ceased to be, with my desire
of life.

O look! the sun begins to rise, the heavens are in a
glow;
He shines upon a hundred fields, and all of them I
know.
And there I move no longer now, and there his light
may shine—
Wild flowers in the valley for other hands than mine.

O sweet and strange it seems to me, that ere this day
is done
The voice, that now is speaking, may be beyond the
sun—
For ever and for ever with those just souls and true—
And what is life, that we should moan? why make we
such ado?

For ever and for ever, all in a blessed home—
And there to wait a little while till you and Effie come—
To lie within the light of God, as I lie upon your breast—
And the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary
are at rest.

FROM THE LOTOS-EATERS.

CHORIC SONG.

1.

There is sweet music here that softer falls
Than petals from blown roses on the grass,
Or night-dews on still waters between walls
Of shadowy granite, in a gleaming pass;
Music that gentlier on the spirit lies,
Than tir'd eyelids upon tir'd eyes;
Music that brings sweet sleep down from the blissful skies.
Here are cool mosses deep,
And thro' the moss the ivies creep,
And in the stream the long-leaved flowers weep,
And from the craggy ledge the poppy hangs in sleep.

2.

Lo! in the middle of the wood,
The folded leaf is woo'd from out the bud
With winds upon the branch, and there
Grows green and broad, and takes no care,
Sun-steep'd at noon, and in the moon
Nightly dew-fed; and turning yellow
Falls, and floats adown the air.
Lo! sweeten'd with the summer light,
The full-juiced apple, waxing over-mellow,
Drops in a silent autumn night.
All its allotted length of days,
The flower ripens in its place,
Ripens and fades, and falls, and hath no toil,
Fast-rooted in the fruitful soil.

3.

How sweet it were, hearing the downward stream,
With half-shut eyes ever to seem
Falling asleep in a half-dream!
To dream and dream, like yonder amber light,
Which will not leave the myrrh-bush on the height;

To hear each other's whisper'd speech;
Eating the Lotos day by day,
To watch the crisping ripples on the beach,
And tender curving lines of creamy spray;
To lend our hearts and spirits wholly
To the influence of mild-minded melancholy;
To muse and brood and live again in memory,
With those old faces of our infancy
Heap'd over with a mound of grass,
Two handfuls of white dust, shut in an urn of brass!

A DREAM OF FAIR WOMEN.

I READ, before my eyelids dropt their shade,
'The Legend of Good Women,' long ago
Sung by the morning star of song, who made
His music heard below;

Dan Chaucer, the first warbler, whose sweet breath
Preluded those melodious bursts, that fill
The spacious times of great Elizabeth
With sounds that echo still.

And, for a while, the knowledge of his art
Held me above the subject, as strong gales
Hold swollen clouds from raining, tho' my heart,
Brimful of those wild tales,

Charged both mine eyes with tears. In every land
I saw, wherever light illumineth,
Beauty and anguish walking hand in hand
The downward slope to death.

Those far-renowned brides of ancient song
Peopled the hollow dark, like burning stars,
And I heard sounds of insult, shame, and wrong,
And trumpets blown for wars;

And clattering flints batter'd with clanging hoofs:
And I saw crowds in column'd sanctuaries;

And forms that pass'd at windows and on roofs
Of marble palaces;

Corpses across the threshold; heroes tall
Dislodging pinnacle and parapet
Upon the tortoise creeping to the wall;
Lances in ambush set;

And high shrine-doors burst thro' with heated blasts
That run before the fluttering tongues of fire;
White surf wind-scatter'd over sails and masts,
And ever climbing higher;

Squadrons and squares of men in brazen plates,
Scaffolds, still sheets of water, divers woes,
Ranges of glimmering vaults with iron grates,
And hush'd seraglios.

So shape chased shape as swift as, when to land
Bluster the winds and tides the self-same way,
Crisp foam-flakes scud along the level sand,
Torn from the fringe of spray.

I started once, or seem'd to start in pain,
Resolved on noble things, and strove to speak,
As when a great thought strikes along the brain,
And flushes all the cheek.

And once my arm was lifted to hew down
A cavalier from off his saddle-bow,
That bore a lady from a leaguer'd town;
And then, I know not how,

All those sharp fancies, by down-lapsing thought
Stream'd onward, lost their edges, and did creep
Roll'd on each other, rounded, smooth'd, and brought
Into the gulfs of sleep.

At last methought that I had wander'd far
In an old wood; fresh-wash'd in coolest dew,
The maiden splendours of the morning star
Shook in the stedfast blue.

Enormous elmtree-boles did stoop and lean
Upon the dusky brushwood underneath
Their broad curved branches, fledged with clearest green,
New from its silken sheath.

The dim red morn had died, her journey done,
And with dead lips smiled at the twilight plain,
Half-fall'n across the threshold of the sun,
Never to rise again.

There was no motion in the dumb dead air,
Not any song of bird or sound of rill;
Gross darkness of the inner sepulchre
Is not so deadly still

As that wide forest. Growths of jasmine turn'd
Their humid arms festooning tree to tree,
And at the root thro' lush green grasses burn'd
The red anemone.

I knew the flowers, I knew the leaves, I knew
The tearful glimmer of the languid dawn
On those long, rank, dark wood-walks drench'd in dew,
Leading from lawn to lawn.

The smell of violets, hidden in the green,
Pour'd back into my empty soul and frame
The times when I remember to have been
Joyful and free from blame.

And from within me a clear undertone
Thrill'd thro' mine ears in that unblissful clime
'Pass freely thro': the wood is all thine own,
Until the end of time.'

At length I saw a lady within call,
Stiller than chisell'd marble, standing there;
A daughter of the gods, divinely tall,
And most divinely fair.

Her loveliness with shame and with surprise
Froze my swift speech: she turning on my face

The star-like sorrows of immortal eyes,
Spoke slowly in her place.

'I had great beauty: ask thou not my name:
No one can be more wise than destiny.
Many drew swords and died. Where'er I came
I brought calamity.'

'No marvel, sovereign lady: in fair field
Myself for such a face had boldly died,'
I answer'd free; and turning I appeal'd
To one that stood beside.

But she, with sick and scornful looks averse,
To her full height her stately stature draws;
'My youth,' she said, 'was blasted with a curse:
This woman was the cause.

'I was cut off from hope in that sad place,
Which yet to name my spirit loathes and fears:
My father held his hand upon his face;
I, blinded with my tears,

'Still strove to speak: my voice was thick with sighs
As in a dream. Dimly I could descry
The stern black-bearded kings with wolfish eyes,
Waiting to see me die.

'The high masts flicker'd as they lay afloat;
The crowds, the temples, waver'd, and the shore;
The bright death quiver'd at the victim's throat;
Touch'd; and I knew no more.'

Whereto the other with a downward brow:
'I would the white cold heavy-plunging foam,
Whirl'd by the wind, had roll'd me deep below,
Then when I left my home.'

Her slow full words sank thro' the silence drear,
As thunder-drops fall on a sleeping sea:
Sudden I heard a voice that cried, 'Come here,
That I may look on thee.'

I turning saw, throned on a flowery rise,
One sitting on a crimson scarf unroll'd;
A queen, with swarthy cheeks and bold black eyes,
Brow-bound with burning gold.

She, flashing forth a haughty smile, began:
'I govern'd men by change, and so I sway'd
All moods. 'Tis long since I have seen a man.
Once, like the moon, I made

'The ever-shifting currents of the blood
According to my humour ebb and flow.
I have no men to govern in this wood:
That makes my only woe.

'Nay—yet it chafes me that I could not bend
One will; nor tame and tutor with mine eye
That dull cold-blooded Cæsar. Prythee, friend,
Where is Mark Antony?

'The man, my lover, with whom I rode sublime
On Fortune's neck: we sat as God by God:
The Nilus would have risen before his time
And flooded at our nod.

'We drank the Libyan Sun to sleep, and lit
Lamps which outburn'd Canopus. O my life
In Egypt! O the dalliance and the wit,
The flattery and the strife,

'And the wild kiss, when fresh from war's alarms,
My Hercules, my Roman Antony,
My mailed Bacchus leapt into my arms,
Contented there to die!

'And there he died: and when I heard my name
Sigh'd forth with life I would not brook my fear
Of the other: with a worm I balk'd his fame.
What else was left? look here!'

(With that she tore her robe apart, and half
The polish'd argent of her breast to sight

Laid bare. Thereto she pointed with a laugh,
Showing the aspick's bite)

'I died a Queen. The Roman soldier found
Me lying dead, my crown about my brows,
A name for ever!—lying robed and crown'd,
Worthy a Roman spouse.'

Her warbling voice, a lyre of widest range
Struck by all passion, did fall down and glance
From tone to tone, and glided thro' all change
Of liveliest utterance.

When she made pause I knew not for delight;
Because with sudden motion from the ground
She raised her piercing orbs, and fill'd with light
The interval of sound.

Still with their fires Love tipt his keenest darts;
As once they drew into two burning rings
All beams of Love, melting the mighty hearts
Of captains and of kings.

Slowly my sense undazzled. Then I heard
A noise of some one coming thro' the lawn,
And singing clearer than the crested bird,
That claps his wings at dawn.

'The torrent brooks of hallow'd Israel
From craggy hollows pouring, late and soon,
Sound all night long, in falling thro' the dell,
Far-heard beneath the moon.

'The balmy moon of blessed Israel
Floods all the deep-blue gloom with beams divine:
All night the splinter'd crags that wall the dell
With spires of silver shine.'

As one that museth where broad sunshine laves
The lawn by some cathedral, thro' the door
Hearing the holy organ rolling waves
Of sound on roof and floor

Within, and anthem sung, is charm'd and tied
To where he stands,—so stood I, when that flow
Of music left the lips of her that died
To save her father's vow;

The daughter of the warrior Gileadite,
A maiden pure; as when she went along
From Mizpeh's tower'd gate with welcome light,
With timbrel and with song.

My words leapt forth: 'Heaven heads the count of crimes
With that wild oath.' She render'd answer high:
'Not so, nor once alone; a thousand times
I would be born and die.

'Single I grew, like some green plant, whose root
Creeps to the garden water-pipes beneath,
Feeding the flower; but ere my flower to fruit
Changed, I was ripe for death.

'My God, my land, my father—these did move
Me from my bliss of life, that Nature gave,
Lower'd softly with a threefold cord of love
Down to a silent grave.

'And I went mourning, 'No fair Hebrew boy
Shall smile away my maiden blame among
The Hebrew mothers'—emptied of all joy,
Leaving the dance and song,

'Leaving the olive-gardens far below,
Leaving the promise of my bridal bower,
The valleys of grape-loaded vines that glow
Beneath the battled tower.

'The light white cloud swam over us. Anon
We heard the lion roaring from his den;
We saw the large white stars rise one by one,
Or, from the darken'd glen,

'Saw God divide the night with flying flame,
And thunder on the everlasting hills.

I heard Him, for He spake, and grief became
A solemn scorn of ills.

'When the next moon was roll'd into the sky,
Strength came to me that equall'd my desire.
How beautiful a thing it was to die
For God and for my sire!

'It comforts me in this one thought to dwell,
That I subdued me to my father's will;
Because the kiss he gave me, ere I fell,
Sweetens the spirit still.

'Moreover it is written that my race
Hew'd Ammon, hip and thigh, from Aroer
On Anon unto Minneth.' Here her face
Glow'd, as I look'd at her.

She lock'd her lips: she left me where I stood:
'Glory to God,' she sang, and past afar,
Thridding the sombre boskage of the wood,
Toward the morning-star.

Losing her carol I stood pensively,
As one that from a casement leans his head,
When midnight bells cease ringing suddenly,
And the old year is dead.

'Alas! alas!' a low voice, full of care,
Murmur'd beside me: 'Turn and look on me:
I am that Rosamond, whom men call fair,
If what I was I be.

'Would I had been some maiden coarse and poor!
O me, that I should ever see the light!
Those dragon eyes of anger'd Eleanor
Do hunt me, day and night.'

She ceased in tears, fallen from hope and trust:
To whom the Egyptian: 'O, you tamely died!
You should have clung in Fulvia's waist, and thrust
The dagger thro' her side.'

With that sharp sound the white dawn's creeping beams,
Stol'n to my brain, dissolved the mystery
Of folded sleep. The captain of my dreams
Ruled in the eastern sky.

Morn broaden'd on the borders of the dark,
Ere I saw her, who clasp'd in her last trance
Her murder'd father's head, or Joan of Arc,
A light of ancient France;

Or her, who knew that Love can vanquish Death
Who kneeling, with one arm about her king,
Drew forth the poison with her balmy breath,
Sweet as new buds in Spring.

No memory labours longer from the deep
Gold-mines of thought to lift the hidden ore
That glimpses, moving up, than I from sleep
To gather and tell o'er

Each little sound and sight. With what dull pain
Compass'd, how eagerly I sought to strike
Into that wondrous track of dreams again!
But no two dreams are like.

As when a soul laments, which hath been blest,
Desiring what is mingled with past years,
In yearnings that can never be exprest
By signs or groans or tears;

Because all words, tho' cull'd with choicest art,
Failing to give the bitter of the sweet,
Wither beneath the palate, and the heart
Faints, faded by its heat.

THE DEATH OF THE OLD YEAR.

Full knee-deep lies the winter snow,
And the winter winds are wearily sighing:
Toll ye the church-bell sad and slow,
And tread softly and speak low,
For the old year lies a-dying.

Old year, you must not die;
You came to us so readily,
You lived with us so steadily,
Old year, you shall not die.

He lieth still: he doth not move:
He will not see the dawn of day.
He hath no other life above.
He gave me a friend, and a true true-love,
And the New-year will take 'em away.
Old year, you must not go;
So long as you have been with us,
Such joy as you have seen with us,
Old year, you shall not go.

He froth'd his bumpers to the brim;
A jollier year we shall not see.
But tho' his eyes are waxing dim,
And tho' his foes speak ill of him,
He was a friend to me.
Old year, you shall not die;
We did so laugh and cry with you,
I've half a mind to die with you,
Old year, if you must die.

He was full of joke and jest,
But all his merry quips are o'er.
To see him die, across the waste
His son and heir doth ride post-haste,
But he'll be dead before.
Every one for his own.
The night is starry and cold, my friend,
And the New-year blithe and bold, my friend,
Comes up to take his own.

How hard he breathes! over the snow
I heard just now the crowing cock.
The shadows flicker to and fro:
The cricket chirps: the light burns low:
'Tis nearly twelve o'clock.

Shake hands, before you die.
Old year, we'll dearly rue for you:
What is it we can do for you?
Speak out before you die.

His face is growing sharp and thin.
Alack! our friend is gone.
Close up his eyes: tie up his chin:
Step from the corpse, and let him in
That standeth there alone,
And waiteth at the door.
There's a new foot on the floor, my friend,
And a new face at the door, my friend,
A new face at the door.

THE BROOK.

I COME from haunts of coot and hern,
I make a sudden sally
And sparkle out among the fern,
To bicker down a valley.

By thirty hills I hurry down,
Or slip between the ridges,
By twenty thorps, a little town,
And half a hundred bridges.

Till last by Philip's farm I flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

I chatter over stony ways,
In little sharps and trebles,
I bubble into eddying bays,
I babble on the pebbles.

With many a curve my banks I fret
By many a field and fallow,
And many a fairy foreland set
With willow-weed and mallow.

I chatter, chatter, as I flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

I wind about, and in and out,
With here a blossom sailing,
And here and there a lusty trout,
And here and there a grayling,

And here and there a foamy flake
Upon me, as I travel
With many a silvery waterbreak
Above the golden gravel,

And draw them all along, and flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

I steal by lawns and grassy plots,
I slide by hazel covers;
I move the sweet forget-me-nots
That grow for happy lovers.

I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance,
Among my skimming swallows;
I make the netted sunbeam dance
Against my sandy shallows.

I murmur under moon and stars
In brambly wildernesses;
I linger by my shingly bars;
I loiter round my cresses;

And out again I curve and flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

THE GARDENER'S DAUGHTER,
OR
THE PICTURES.

This morning is the morning of the day,
When I and Eustace from the city went
To see the Gardener's Daughter; I and he,
Brothers in Art; a friendship so complete
Portion'd in halves between us, that we grew
The fable of the city where we dwelt.

My Eustace might have sat for Hercules;
So muscular he spread, so broad of breast.
He, by some law that holds in love, and draws
The greater to the lesser, long desired
A certain miracle of symmetry,
A miniature of loveliness, all grace
Summ'd up and closed in little;—Juliet, she
So light of foot, so light of spirit—oh, she
To me myself, for some three careless moons,
The summer pilot of an empty heart
Unto the shores of nothing! Know you not
Such touches are but embassies of love,
To tamper with the feelings, ere he found
Empire for life? but Eustace painted her,
And said to me, she sitting with us then,
'When will *you* paint like this?' and I replied,
(My words were half in earnest, half in jest,)
''Tis not your work, but Love's. Love, unperceived,
A more ideal Artist he than all,
Came, drew your pencil from you, made those eyes
Darker than darkest pansies, and that hair
More black than ashbuds in the front of March.'
And Juliet answer'd laughing, 'Go and see
The Gardener's daughter: trust me, after that,
You scarce can fail to match his masterpiece.'
And up we rose, and on the spur we went.

Not wholly in the busy world, nor quite
Beyond it, blooms the garden that I love.

News from the humming city comes to it
In sound of funeral or of marriage bells;
And, sitting muffled in dark leaves, you hear
The windy clanging of the minster clock;
Although between it and the garden lies
A league of grass, wash'd by a slow broad stream,
That, stirr'd with languid pulses of the oar,
Waves all its lazy lilies, and creeps on,
Barge-laden, to three arches of a bridge
Crown 'd with the minster-towers.

The fields between
Are dewy-fresh, browsed by deep-udder'd kine,
And all about the large lime feathers low,
The lime a summer home of murmurous wings.

In that still place she, hoarded in herself,
Grew, seldom seen: not less among us lived
Her fame from lip to lip. Who had not heard
Of Rose, the Gardener's daughter? Where was he,
So blunt in memory, so old at heart,
At such a distance from his youth in grief,
That, having seen, forgot? The common mouth,
So gross to express delight, in praise of her
Grew oratory. Such a lord is Love,
And Beauty such a mistress of the world.

And if I said that Fancy, led by Love,
Would play with flying forms and images,
Yet this is also true, that, long before
I look'd upon her, when I heard her name
My heart was like a prophet to my heart,
And told me I should love. A crowd of hopes,
That sought to sow themselves like winged seeds,
Born out of everything I heard and saw,
Flutter'd about my senses and my soul;
And vague desires, like fitful blasts of balm
To one that travels quickly, made the air
Of Life delicious, and all kinds of thought,
That verged upon them, sweeter than the dream

Dream'd by a happy man, when the dark East,
Unseen, is brightening to his bridal morn.

And sure this orbit of the memory folds
For ever in itself the day we went
To see her. All the land in flowery squares,
Beneath a broad and equal-blowing wind,
Smelt of the coming summer, as one large cloud
Drew downward: but all else of Heaven was pure
Up to the Sun, and May from verge to verge,
And May with me from head to heel. And now,
As tho' 'twere yesterday, as tho' it were
The hour just flown, that morn with all its sound,
(For those old Mays had thrice the life of these,)
Rings in mine ears. The steer forgot to graze,
And, where the hedge-row cuts the pathway, stood,
Leaning his horns into the neighbour field,
And lowing to his fellows. From the woods
Came voices of the well-contented doves.
The lark could scarce get out his notes for joy,
But shook his song together as he near'd
His happy home, the ground. To left and right,
The cuckoo told his name to all the hills;
The mellow ouzel fluted in the elm;
The redcap whistled; and the nightingale
Sang loud, as tho' he were the bird of day.

And Eustace turn'd, and smiling said to me,
'Hear how the bushes echo! by my life,
These birds have joyful thoughts. Think you they sing
Like poets, from the vanity of song?
Or have they any sense of why they sing?
And would they praise the heavens for what they have?'
And I made answer, 'Were there nothing else
For which to praise the heavens but only love,
That only love were cause enough for praise.'

Lightly he laugh'd, as one that read my thought,
And on we went; but ere an hour had pass'd,
We reach'd a meadow slanting to the North;

Down which a well-worn pathway courted us
To one green wicket in a privet hedge;
This, yielding, gave into a grassy walk
Thro' crowded lilac-ambush trimly pruned;
And one warm gust, full-fed with perfume, blew
Beyond us, as we enter'd in the cool.
The garden stretches southward. In the midst
A cedar spread his dark-green layers of shade.
The garden-glasses shone, and momently
The twinkling laurel scatter'd silver lights.

'Eustace,' I said, 'This wonder keeps the house.'
He nodded, but a moment afterwards
He cried, 'Look! look!' Before he ceased I turn'd,
And, ere a star can wink, beheld her there.

For up the porch there grew an Eastern rose,
That, flowering high, the last night's gale had caught,
And blown across the walk. One arm aloft—
Gown'd in pure white, that fitted to the shape—
Holding the bush, to fix it back, she stood.
A single stream of all her soft brown hair
Pour'd on one side: the shadow of the flowers
Stole all the golden gloss, and, wavering
Lovingly lower, trembled on her waist—
Ah, happy shade—and still went wavering down,
But, ere it touch'd a foot, that might have danced
The greensward into greener circles, dipt,
And mix'd with shadows of the common ground!
But the full day dwelt on her brows, and sunn'd
Her violet eyes, and all her Hebe-bloom,
And doubled his own warmth against her lips,
And on the bounteous wave of such a breast
As never pencil drew. Half light, half shade,
She stood, a sight to make an old man young.

So rapt, we near'd the house; but she, a Rose
In roses, mingled with her fragrant toil,
Nor heard us come, nor from her tendance turn'd
Into the world without; till close at hand,

And almost ere I knew mine own intent,
This murmur broke the stillness of that air
Which brooded round about her:

'Ah, one rose,
One rose, but one, by those fair fingers cull'd,
Were worth a hundred kisses press'd on lips
Less exquisite than thine.'

She look'd: but all
Suffused with blushes—neither self-possess'd
Nor startled, but betwixt this mood and that,
Divided in a graceful quiet—paused,
And dropt the branch she held, and turning, wound
Her looser hair in braid, and stirr'd her lips
For some sweet answer, tho' no answer came,
Nor yet refused the rose, but granted it,
And moved away, and left me, statue-like,
In act to render thanks.

I, that whole day,
Saw her no more, altho' I linger'd there
Till every daisy slept, and Love's white star
Beam'd thro' the thicken'd cedar in the dusk.

So home we went, and all the livelong way
With solemn gibe did Eustace banter me.
'Now,' said he, 'will you climb the top of Art.
You cannot fail but work in hues to dim
The Titianic Flora. Will you match
My Juliet? you, not you,—the Master, Love,
A more ideal Artist he than all.'

So home I went, but could not sleep for joy,
Reading her perfect features in the gloom,
Kissing the rose she gave me o'er and o'er,
And shaping faithful record of the glance
That graced the giving—such a noise of life
Swarm'd in the golden present, such a voice
Call'd to me from the years to come, and such
A length of bright horizon rimm'd the dark.
And all that night I heard the watchmen peal

The sliding season: all that night I heard
The heavy clocks knolling the drowsy hours.
The drowsy hours, dispensers of all good,
O'er the mute city stole with folded wings,
Distilling odours on me as they went
To greet their fairer sisters of the East.

Love at first sight, first-born, and heir to all,
Made this night thus. Henceforward squall nor storm
Could keep me from that Eden where she dwelt.
Light pretexts drew me: sometimes a Dutch love
For tulips; then for roses, moss or musk,
To grace my city-rooms; or fruits and cream
Served in the weeping elm; and more and more
A word could bring the colour to my cheek;
A thought would fill my eyes with happy dew;
Love trebled life within me, and with each
The year increased.

The daughters of the year,
One after one, thro' that still garden pass'd:
Each garlanded with her peculiar flower
Danced into light, and died into the shade;
And each in passing touch'd with some new grace
Or seem'd to touch her, so that day by day,
Like one that never can be wholly known,
Her beauty grew; till Autumn brought an hour
For Eustace, when I heard his deep 'I will,'
Breathed, like the covenant of a God, to hold
From thence thro' all the worlds: but I rose up
Full of his bliss, and following her dark eyes
Felt earth as air beneath me, till I reach'd
The wicket-gate, and found her standing there.

There sat we down upon a garden mound,
Two mutually enfolded; Love, the third,
Between us, in the circle of his arms
Enwound us both; and over many a range
Of waning lime the gray cathedral towers,
Across a hazy glimmer of the west,
Reveal'd their shining windows: from them clash'd

The bells; we listen'd; with the time we play'd;
We spoke of other things; we coursed about
The subject most at heart, more near and near,
Like doves about a dovecote, wheeling round
The central wish, until we settled there.

Then, in that time and place, I spoke to her,
Requiring, tho' I knew it was mine own,
Yet for the pleasure that I took to hear,
Requiring at her hand the greatest gift,
A woman's heart, the heart of her I loved;
And in that time and place she answer'd me,
And in the compass of three little words,
More musical than ever came in one,
The silver fragments of a broken voice,
Made me most happy, faltering 'I am thine.'

Shall I cease here? Is this enough to say
That my desire, like all strongest hopes,
By its own energy fulfill'd itself,
Merged in completion? Would you learn at full
How passion rose thro' circumstantial grades
Beyond all grades develop'd? and indeed
I had not staid so long to tell you all,
But while I mused came Memory with sad eyes,
Holding the folded annals of my youth;
And while I mused, Love with knit brows went by,
And with a flying finger swept my lips,
And spake, 'Be wise: not easily forgiven
Are those, who setting wide the doors, that bar
The secret bridal chambers of the heart,
Let in the day.' Here, then, my words have end.

Yet might I tell of meetings, of farewells—
Of that which came between, more sweet than each,
In whispers, like the whispers of the leaves
That tremble round a nightingale—in sighs
Which perfect Joy, perplex'd for utterance,
Stole from her sister Sorrow. Might I not tell
Of difference, reconcilement, pledges given,

And vows, where there was never need of vows,
And kisses, where the heart on one wild leap
Hung tranced from all pulsation, as above
The heavens between their fairy fleeces pale
Sow'd all their mystic gulfs with fleeting stars;
Or while the balmy glooming, crescent-lit,
Spread the light haze along the river-shores,
And in the hollows; or as once we met
Unheedful, tho' beneath a whispering rain
Night slid down one long stream of sighing wind,
And in her bosom bore the baby, Sleep.

But this whole hour your eyes have been intent
On that veil'd picture—veil'd, for what it holds
May not be dwelt on by the common day.
This prelude has prepared thee. Raise thy soul;
Make thine heart ready with thine eyes: the time
Is come to raise the veil.

Behold her there,
As I beheld her ere she knew my heart,
My first, last love; the idol of my youth,
The darling of my manhood, and, alas!
Now the most blessed memory of mine age.

PART III.

DORA.

With farmer Allan at the farm abode
William and Dora. William was his son,
And she his niece. He often look'd at them,
And often thought 'I'll make them man and wife.'
Now Dora felt her uncle's will in all,
And yearn'd towards William; but the youth, because
He had been always with her in the house,
Thought not of Dora.

Then there came a day
When Allan call'd his son, and said, 'My son:
I married late, but I would wish to see
My grandchild on my knees before I die:
And I have set my heart upon a match.
Now therefore look to Dora; she is well
To look to; thrifty too beyond her age.
She is my brother's daughter: he and I
Had once hard words, and parted, and he died
In foreign lands; but for his sake I bred
His daughter Dora: take her for your wife;
For I have wish'd this marriage, night and day,
For many years.' But William answer'd short;
'I cannot marry Dora; by my life,
I will not marry Dora.' Then the old man
Was wroth, and doubled up his hands, and said:
'You will not, boy! you dare to answer thus!
But in my time a father's word was law,
And so it shall be now for me. Look to it;
Consider, William: take a month to think,

And let me have an answer to my wish;
Or, by the Lord that made me, you shall pack,
And never more darken my doors again.'
But William answer'd madly; bit his lips,
And broke away. The more he look'd at her
The less he liked her; and his ways were harsh;
But Dora bore them meekly. Then before
The month was out he left his father's house,
And hired himself to work within the fields;
And half in love, half spite, he woo'd and wed
A labourer's daughter, Mary Morrison.

Then, when the bells were ringing, Allan call'd
His niece and said: 'My girl, I love you well;
But if you speak with him that was my son,
Or change a word with her he calls his wife,
My home is none of yours. My will is law.'
And Dora promised, being meek. She thought,
'It cannot be: my uncle's mind will change!'

And days went on, and there was born a boy
To William; then distresses came on him;
And day by day he pass'd his father's gate,
Heart-broken, and his father help'd him not.
But Dora stored what little she could save,
And sent it them by stealth, nor did they know
Who sent it; till at last a fever seized
On William, and in harvest time he died.

Then Dora went to Mary. Mary sat
And look'd with tears upon her boy, and thought
Hard things of Dora. Dora came and said:

'I have obey'd my uncle until now,
And I have sinn'd, for it was all thro' me
This evil came on William at the first.
But, Mary, for the sake of him that's gone,
And for your sake, the woman that he chose,
And for this orphan, I am come to you:
You know there has not been for these five years

So full a harvest: let me take the boy,
And I will set him in my uncle's eye
Among the wheat; that when his heart is glad
Of the full harvest, he may see the boy,
And bless him for the sake of him that's gone.'

And Dora took the child, and went her way
Across the wheat, and sat upon a mound
That was unsown, where many poppies grew.
Far off the farmer came into the field
And spied her not; for none of all his men
Dare tell him Dora waited with the child;
And Dora would have risen and gone to him,
But her heart fail'd her; and the reapers reap'd,
And the sun fell, and all the land was dark.

But when the morrow came, she rose and took
The child once more, and sat upon the mound;
And made a little wreath of all the flowers
That grew about, and tied it round his hat
To make him pleasing in her uncle's eye.
Then when the farmer pass'd into the field
He spied her, and he left his men at work,
And came and said; 'Where were you yesterday?
Whose child is that! What are you doing here?'
So Dora cast her eyes upon the ground,
And answer'd softly, 'This is William's child!'
'And did I not,' said Allan, 'did I not
Forbid you, Dora?' Dora said again;
'Do with me as you will, but take the child
And bless him for the sake of him that's gone!'
And Allan said, 'I see it is a trick
Got up betwixt you and the woman there.
I must be taught my duty, and by you!
You knew my word was law, and yet you dared
To slight it. Well—for I will take the boy;
But go you hence, and never see me more.'

So saying, he took the boy, that cried aloud
And struggled hard. The wreath of flowers fell

At Dora's feet. She bow'd upon her hands,
And the boy's cry came to her from the field,
More and more distant. She bow'd down her head,
Remembering the day when first she came,
And all the things that had been. She bow'd down
And wept in secret; and the reapers reap'd,
And the sun fell, and all the land was dark.

Then Dora went to Mary's house, and stood
Upon the threshold. Mary saw the boy
Was not with Dora. She broke out in praise
To God, that help'd her in her widowhood.
And Dora said, 'My uncle took the boy;
But, Mary, let me live and work with you:
He says that he will never see me more.'
Then answer'd Mary, 'This shall never be,
That thou shouldst take my trouble on thyself:
And, now I think, he shall not have the boy,
For he will teach him hardness, and to slight
His mother; therefore thou and I will go,
And I will have my boy, and bring him home;
And I will beg of him to take thee back;
But if he will not take thee back again,
Then thou and I will live within one house,
And work for William's child, until he grows
Of age to help us.'

So the women kiss'd
Each other, and set out, and reach'd the farm.
The door was off the latch: they peep'd, and saw
The boy set up betwixt his grandsire's knees,
Who thrust him in the hollows of his arm,
And clapt him on the hands and on the cheeks,
Like one that loved him; and the lad stretch'd out
And babbled for the golden seal, that hung
From Allan's watch, and sparkled by the fire.
Then they came in: but when the boy beheld
His mother, he cried out to come to her:
And Allan set him down, and Mary said:

'O Father!—if you let me call you so—
I never came a-begging for myself,
Or William, or this child; but now I come
For Dora: take her back; she loves you well.
O Sir, when William died, he died at peace
With all men; for I ask'd him, and he said,
He could not ever rue his marrying me—
I had been a patient wife: but, Sir, he said
That he was wrong to cross his father thus:
'God bless him!' he said, 'and may he never know
The troubles I have gone thro'!' Then he turn'd
His face and pass'd—unhappy that I am!
But now, Sir, let me have my boy, for you
Will make him hard, and he will learn to slight
His father's memory; and take Dora back,
And let all this be as it was before.'

So Mary said, and Dora hid her face
By Mary. There was silence in the room;
And all at once the old man burst in sobs:—

'I have been to blame—to blame. I have kill'd my son.
I have kill'd him—but I loved him—my dear son.
May God forgive me!—I have been to blame.
Kiss me, my children.'

Then they clung about
The old man's neck, and kiss'd him many times.
And all the man was broken with remorse;
And all his love came back a hundredfold;
And for three hours he sobb'd o'er William's child,
Thinking of William.

So those four abode.
Within one house together; and as years
Went forward, Mary took another mate;
But Dora lived unmarried till her death.

ULYSSES.

It little profits that an idle king,
By this still hearth, among these barren crags,
Match'd with an aged wife, I mete and dole
Unequal laws unto a savage race,
That hoard, and sleep, and feed, and know not me.
I cannot rest from travel: I will drink
Life to the lees: all times I have enjoy'd
Greatly, have suffer'd greatly, both with those
That loved me, and alone; on shore, and when
Thro' scudding drifts the rainy Hyades
Vext the dim sea: I am become a name;
For always roaming with a hungry heart
Much have I seen and known; cities of men
And manners, climates, councils, governments,
Myself not least, but honour'd of them all;
And drunk delight of battle with my peers,
Far on the ringing plains of windy Troy.
I am a part of all that I have met;
Yet all experience is an arch wherethro'
Gleams that untravell'd world, whose margin fades
For ever and for ever when I move.
How dull it is to pause, to make an end,
To rust unburnish'd, not to shine in use!
As tho' to breathe were life. Life piled on life
Were all too little, and of one to me
Little remains: but every hour is saved
From that eternal silence, something more,
A bringer of new things; and vile it were
For some three suns to store and hoard myself,
And this gray spirit yearning in desire
To follow knowledge, like a sinking star,
Beyond the utmost bound of human thought.

This is my son, mine own Telemachus,
To whom I leave the sceptre and the isle—
Well-loved of me, discerning to fulfil
This labour, by slow prudence to make mild

A rugged people, and thro' soft degrees
Subdue them to the useful and the good.
Most blameless is he, centred in the sphere
Of common duties, decent not to fail
In offices of tenderness, and pay
Meet adoration to my household gods,
When I am gone. He works his work, I mine.

There lies the port: the vessel puffs her sail:
There gloom the dark broad seas. My mariners,
Souls that have toil'd, and wrought, and thought with me—
That ever with a frolic welcome took
The thunder and the sunshine, and opposed
Free hearts, free foreheads—you and I are old;
Old age hath yet his honour and his toil;
Death closes all: but something ere the end,
Some work of noble note, may yet be done,
Not unbecoming men that strove with Gods.
The lights begin to twinkle from the rocks:
The long day wanes: the slow moon climbs: the deep
Moans round with many voices. Come my friends,
'Tis not too late to seek a newer world.
Push off, and sitting well in order smite
The sounding furrows; for my purpose holds
To sail beyond the sunset, and the paths
Of all the western stars, until I die.
It may be that the gulfs will wash us down:
It may be we shall touch the Happy Isles,
And see the great Achilles, whom we knew.
Tho' much is taken, much abides; and tho'
We are not now that strength which in old days
Moved earth and heaven; that which we are, we are;
One equal temper of heroic hearts,
Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will
To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield.

LOCKSLEY HALL.

COMRADES, leave me here a little, while as yet 'tis early morn:
Leave me here, and when you want me, sound upon the bugle horn.

'Tis the place, and all around it, as of old, the curlews call,
Dreary gleams about the moorland flying over Locksley Hall;

Locksley Hall, that half in ruin overlooks the sandy tracts,
And the hollow ocean-ridges roaring into cataracts.

Many a night from yonder ivied casement, ere I went to rest,
Did I look on great Orion sloping slowly to the West.

Many a night I saw the Pleiads, rising thro' the mellow shade,
Glitter like a swarm of fire-flies tangled in a silver braid.

Here about the beach I wander'd, nourishing a youth sublime
With the fairy tales of science, and the long result of Time;

When the centuries behind me like a fruitful land reposed;
When I clung to all the present for the promise that it closed:

When I dipt into the future far as human eye could see;
Saw the Vision of the world, and all the wonder that would be.——

In the Spring a fuller crimson comes upon the robin's breast;
In the Spring the wanton lapwing gets himself another crest;

In the Spring a livelier iris changes on the burnish'd dove;
In the Spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love.

Then her cheek was pale and thinner than should be for one so young,
And her eyes on all my motions with a mute observance hung.

And I said, 'My cousin Amy, speak, and speak the truth to me,
Trust me, cousin, all the current of my being sets to thee.'

On her pallid cheek and forehead came a colour and a light,
As I have seen the rosy red flushing in the northern night.

And she turn'd—her bosom shaken with a sudden storm of sighs—
All the spirit deeply dawning in the dark of hazel eyes—

Saying, 'I have hid my feelings, fearing they should do me wrong;'
Saying, 'Dost thou love me, cousin?' weeping, I have loved thee long.'

Love took up the glass of Time, and turn'd it in his glowing hands;
Every moment, lightly shaken, ran itself in golden sands.

Love took up the harp of Life, and smote on all the chords with might;
Smote the chord of Self, that, trembling, pass'd in music out of sight.

Many a morning on the moorland did we hear the copses ring,

And her whisper throng'd my pulses with the fullness
of the Spring.

Many an evening by the waters did we watch the stately
ships,
And our spirits rush'd together at the touching of the
lips.

O my cousin, shallow-hearted! O my Amy, mine no
more!
O the dreary, dreary moorland! O the barren, barren
shore!

Falser than all fancy fathoms, falser than all songs
have sung,
Puppet to a father's threat, and servile to a shrewish
tongue!

Is it well to wish thee happy?—having known me—to
decline
On a range of lower feelings and a narrower heart than
mine!

Yet it shall be: thou shalt lower to his level day by day,
What is fine within thee growing coarse to sympathise
with clay.

As the husband is, the wife is: thou art mated with a
clown,
And the grossness of his nature will have weight to
drag thee down.

He will hold thee, when his passion shall have spent its
novel force,
Something better than his dog, a little dearer than his
horse.

What is this? his eyes are heavy: think not they are
glazed with wine.
Go to him: it is thy duty: kiss him: take his hand in
thine.

It may be my lord is weary, that this brain is over-
wrought:
Soothe him with thy finer fancies, touch him with thy
lighter thought.

He will answer to the purpose, easy things to under-
stand—
Better thou wert dead before me, tho' I slew thee with
my hand!

Better thou and I were lying, hidden from the heart's
disgrace,
Roll'd in one another's arms, and silent in a last
embrace.

Cursed be the social wants that sin against the strength
of youth!
Cursed be the social lies that warp us from the living
truth!

Cursed be the sickly forms that err from honest
Nature's rule!
Cursed be the gold that gilds the straiten'd forehead
of the fool!

Well—'tis well that I should bluster!—Hadst thou
less unworthy proved—
Would to God—for I had loved thee more than ever
wife was loved.

Am I mad, that I should cherish that which bears but
bitter fruit?
I will pluck it from my bosom, tho' my heart be at the
root.

Never, tho' my mortal summers to such length of years
should come
As the many-winter'd crow that leads the clanging
rookery home.

Where is comfort? in division of the records of the
mind?

Can I part her from herself, and love her, as I knew her, kind?

I remember one that perih'd: sweetly did she speak and move:
Such a one do I remember, whom to look at was to love.

Can I think of her as dead, and love her for the love she bore?
No—she never loved me truly: love is love for evermore.

Comfort? comfort scorn'd of devils! this is truth the poet sings,
That a sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things.

Drug thy memories, lest thou learn it, lest thy heart be put to proof,
In the dead unhappy night, and when the rain is on the roof.

Like a dog, he hunts in dreams, and thou art staring at the wall,
Where the dying night-lamp flickers, and the shadows rise and fall.

Then a hand shall pass before thee, pointing to his drunken sleep,
To thy widow'd marriage-pillows, to the tears that thou wilt weep.

Thou shalt hear the 'Never, never,' whisper'd by the phantom years,
And a song from out the distance in the ringing of thine ears;

And an eye shall vex thee, looking ancient kindness on thy pain.
Turn thee, turn thee on thy pillow: get thee to thy rest again.

Nay, but Nature brings thee solace; for a tender voice will cry.

'Tis a purer life than thine; a lip to drain thy trouble
dry.

Baby lips will laugh me down: my latest rival brings
thee rest.
Baby fingers, waxen touches, press me from the
mother's breast.

O, the child too clothes the father with a dearness not
his due.
Half is thine and half is his: it will be worthy of the
two.

O, I see thee old and formal, fitted to thy petty part,
With a little hoard of maxims preaching down a
daughter's heart.

'They were dangerous guides the feelings—she herself
was not exempt—
Truly, she herself had suffer'd'—Perish in thy self-
contempt!

Overlive it—lower yet—be happy! wherefore should I
care?
I myself must mix with action, lest I wither by despair.

What is that which I should turn to, lighting upon days
like these?
Every door is barr'd with gold, and opens but to golden
keys.

Every gate is throng'd with suitors, all the markets
overflow.

I have but an angry fancy: what is that which I should
do?

I had been content to perish, falling on the foeman's
ground,
When the ranks are roll'd in vapour, and the winds
are laid with sound.

But the jingling of the guinea helps the hurt that
Honour feels,

And the nations do but murmur, snarling at each
other's heels.

Can I but relive in sadness? I will turn that earlier
page.
Hide me from my deep emotion, O thou wondrous
Mother-Age!

Make me feel the wild pulsation that I felt before the
strife,
When I heard my days before me, and the tumult of
my life;

Yearning for the large excitement that the coming
years would yield,
Eager-hearted as a boy when first he leaves his father's
field,

And at night along the dusky highway near and nearer
drawn,
Sees in heaven the light of London flaring like a dreary
dawn;

And his spirit leaps within him to be gone before him
then,
Underneath the light he looks at, in among the throngs
of men;

Men, my brothers, men the workers, ever reaping some-
thing new:
That which they have done but earnest of the things
that they shall do:

For I dipt into the future, far as human eye could see,
Saw the Vision of the world, and all the wonder that
would be;
Saw the heavens fill with commerce, argosies of magic
sails,
Pilots of the purple twilight, dropping down with costly
bales;

Heard the heavens fill with shouting, and there rain'd
a ghastly dew

From the nations' airy navies grappling in the central blue;

Far along the world-wide whisper of the south-wind rushing warm,
With the standards of the peoples plunging thro' the thunder-storm;

Till the war-drum throbb'd no longer, and the battle-flags were furl'd
In the Parliament of man, the Federation of the world.

There the common sense of most shall hold a fretful realm in awe,
And the kindly earth shall slumber, lapt in universal law.

So I triumph'd, ere my passion sweeping thro' me left me dry,
Left me with the palsied heart, and left me with the jaundiced eye;

Eye, to which all order festers, all things here are out of joint:
Science moves, but slowly slowly, creeping on from point to point:

Slowly comes a hungry people, as a lion, creeping nigher,
Glares at one that nods and winks behind a slowly-dying fire.

Yet I doubt not thro' the ages one increasing purpose runs,
And the thoughts of men are widen'd with the process of the suns.

What is that to him that reaps not harvest of his youthful joys,
Tho' the deep heart of existence beat for ever like a boy's?

Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers, and I linger on the shore,

And the individual withers, and the world is more and more.

Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers, and he bears a laden breast,
Full of sad experience, moving toward the stillness of his rest.

Hark, my merry comrades call me, sounding on the bugle-horn,
They to whom my foolish passion were a target for their scorn:

Shall it not be scorn to me to harp on such a moulder'd string?
I am shamed thro' all my nature to have loved so slight a thing.

Weakness to be wroth with weakness! woman's pleasure, woman's pain—
Nature made them blinder motions bounded in a shallower brain:

Woman is the lesser man, and all thy passions, match'd with mine,
Are as moonlight unto sunlight, and as water unto wine—

Here at least, where nature sickens, nothing. Ah, for some retreat
Deep in yonder shining Orient, where my life began to beat;

Where in wild Mahratta-battle fell my father evil-starr'd;—
I was left a trampled orphan, and a selfish uncle's ward.

Or to burst all links of habit—there to wander far away,
On from island unto island at the gateways of the day.

Larger constellations burning, mellow moons and happy skies,
Breadths of tropic shade and palms in cluster, knots of Paradise.

Never comes the trader, never floats an European flag,
Slides the bird o'er lustrous woodland, swings the trailer from the crag;

Droops the heavy-blossom'd bower, hangs the heavy-fruited tree—
Summer isles of Eden lying in dark-purple spheres of sea.

There methinks would be enjoyment more than in this march of mind,
In the steamship, in the railway, in the thoughts that shake mankind.

There the passions cramp'd no longer shall have scope and breathing-space;
I will take some savage woman, she shall rear my dusky race.

Iron-jointed, supple-sinew'd, they shall dive, and they shall run,
Catch the wild goat by the hair, and hurl their lances in the sun;

Whistle back the parrot's call, and leap the rainbows of the brooks,
Not with blinded eyesight poring over miserable books—

Fool, again the dream, the fancy! but I *know* my words are wild,
But I count the gray barbarian lower than the Christian child.

I, to herd with narrow foreheads, vacant of our glorious gains,

Like a beast with lower pleasures, like a beast with lower pains!

Mated with a squalid savage—what to me were sun or clime?
I the heir of all the ages, in the foremost files of time—

I that rather held it better men should perish one by one,
Than that earth should stand at gaze like Joshua's moon in Ajalon!

Not in vain the distance beacons. Forward, forward let us range.
Let the great world spin for ever down the ringing grooves of change.

Thro' the shadow of the globe we sweep into the younger day:
Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay.

Mother-Age (for mine I knew not) help me as when life begun:
Rift the hills, and roll the waters, flash the lightnings, weigh the Sun—

O, I see the crescent promise of my spirit hath not set.
Ancient founts of inspiration well thro' all my fancy yet.

Howsoever these things be, a long farewell to Locksley Hall!
Now for me the woods may wither, now for me the roof-tree fall.

Comes a vapour from the margin, blackening over heath and holt,
Cramming all the blast before it, in its breast a thunderbolt.

Let it fall on Locksley Hall, with rain or hail, or fire or snow;

For the mighty wind arises, roaring seaward, and
I go.

GODIVA.

I waited for the train at Coventry;
I hung with grooms and porters on the bridge,
To watch the three tall spires; and there I shaped
The city's ancient legend into this:—
Not only we, the latest seed of Time,
New men, that in the flying of a wheel
Cry down the past, not only we, that prate
Of rights and wrongs, have loved the people well,
And loathed to see them overtax'd; but she
Did more, and underwent, and overcame,
The woman of a thousand summers back,
Godiva, wife to that grim Earl, who ruled
In Coventry: for when he laid a tax
Upon his town, and all the mothers brought
Their children, clamouring, 'If we pay, we starve!'
She sought her lord, and found him, where he strode
About the hall, among his dogs, alone,
His beard a foot before him, and his hair
A yard behind. She told him of their tears,
And pray'd him, 'If they pay this tax, they starve.'
Whereat he stared, replying, half-amazed,
'You would not let your little finger ache
For such as *these?*'—'But I would die,' said she.
He laugh'd, and swore by Peter and by Paul:
Then fillip'd at the diamond in her ear;
'O ay, ay, ay, you talk!'—'Alas!' she said,
'But prove me what it is I would not do.'
And from a heart as rough as Esau's hand,
He answer'd, 'Ride you naked thro' the town,
And I repeal it;' and nodding, as in scorn,
He parted, with great strides among his dogs.
So left alone, the passions of her mind,
As winds from all the compass shift and blow,
Made war upon each other for an hour,

Till pity won. She sent a herald forth,
And bade him cry, with sound of trumpet, all
The hard condition; but that she would loose
The people: therefore, as they loved her well,
From then till noon no foot should pace the street,
No eye look down, she passing; but that all
Should keep within, door shut, and window barr'd.
Then fled she to her inmost bower, and there
Unclasp'd the wedded eagles of her belt,
The grim Earl's gift; but ever at a breath
She linger'd, looking like a summer moon
Half-dipt in cloud: anon she shook her head,
And shower'd the rippled ringlets to her knee;
Unclad herself in haste; adown the stair
Stole on; and, like a creeping sunbeam, slid
From pillar unto pillar, until she reach'd
The gateway; there she found her palfrey trapt
In purple blazon'd with armorial gold.
Then she rode forth, clothed on with chastity:
The deep air listen'd round her as she rode,
And all the low wind hardly breathed for fear.
The little wide-mouth'd heads upon the spout
Had cunning eyes to see: the barking cur
Made her cheek flame: her palfrey's footfall shot
Light horrors thro' her pulses: the blind walls
Were full of chinks and holes; and overhead
Fantastic gables, crowding, stared: but she
Not less thro' all bore up, till, last, she saw
The white-flower'd elder-thicket from the field
Gleam thro' the Gothic archways in the wall.
Then she rode back, clothed on with chastity:
And one low churl, compact of thankless earth,
The fatal byword of all years to come,
Boring a little augur-hole in fear,
Peep'd—but his eyes, before they had their will,
Were shrivell'd into darkness in his head,
And dropt before him. So the Powers, who wait
On noble deeds, cancell'd a sense misused;
And she, that knew not, pass'd: and all at once,

With twelve great shocks of sound, the shameless noon
Was clash'd and hammer'd from a hundred towers,
One after one: but even then she gain'd
Her bower; whence reissuing, robed and crown'd,
To meet her lord, she took the tax away,
And built herself an everlasting name.

THE DAY-DREAM.

THE SLEEPING PALACE.

1.

The varying year with blade and sheaf
  Clothes and reclothes the happy plains;
Here rests the sap within the leaf,
  Here stays the blood along the veins.
Faint shadows, vapours lightly curl'd,
  Faint murmurs from the meadows come,
Like hints and echoes of the world
  To spirits folded in the womb.

2.

Soft lustre bathes the range of urns
  On every slanting terrace-lawn.
The fountain to his place returns
  Deep in the garden lake withdrawn.
Here droops the banner on the tower,
  On the hall-hearths the festal fires,
The peacock in his laurel bower,
  The parrot in his gilded wires.

3.

Roof-haunting martins warm their eggs:
  In these, in those the life is stay'd.
The mantles from the golden pegs
  Droop sleepily: no sound is made,
Not even of a gnat that sings.
  More like a picture seemeth all
Than those old portraits of old kings,
  That watch the sleepers from the wall.

4.

Here sits the Butler with a flask
Between his knees, half-drain'd; and there
The wrinkled steward at his task,
The maid-of-honour blooming fair:
The page has caught her hand in his:
Her lips are sever'd as to speak:
His own are pouted to a kiss:
The blush is fix'd upon her cheek.

5.

Till all the hundred summers pass,
The beams, that thro' the Oriel shine,
Make prisms in every carven glass,
And beaker brimm'd with noble wine.
Each baron at the banquet sleeps,
Grave faces gather'd in a ring.
His state the king reposing keeps.
He must have been a jovial king.

6.

All round a hedge upshoots, and shows
At distance like a little wood;
Thorns, ivies, woodbine, mistletoes,
And grapes with bunches red as blood;
All creeping plants, a wall of green
Close-matted, bur and brake and briar,
And glimpsing over these, just seen,
High up, the topmost palace-spire.

7.

When will the hundred summers die,
And thought and time be born again,
And never knowledge, drawing nigh,
Bring truth that sways the soul of men?
Here all things in their place remain,
As all were order'd, ages since.
Come, Care and Pleasure, Hope and Pain,
And bring the fated fairy Prince.

THE SLEEPING BEAUTY.

1.

YEAR after year unto her feet,
  She lying on her couch alone,
Across the purpled coverlet,
  The maiden's jet-black hair has grown,
On either side her tranced form
  Forth streaming from a braid of pearl:
The slumbrous light is rich and warm,
  And moves not on the rounded curl.

2.

The silk star-broider'd coverlid
  Unto her limbs itself doth mould
Languidly ever; and, amid
  Her full black ringlets downward roll'd,
Glows forth each softly-shadow'd arm
  With bracelets of the diamond bright:
Her constant beauty doth inform
  Stillness with love, and day with light.

3.

She sleeps: her breathings are not heard
  In palace chambers far apart.
The fragrant tresses are not stirr'd
  That lie upon her charmed heart.
She sleeps: on either hand upswells
  The gold-fringed pillow lightly prest:
She sleeps, nor dreams, but ever dwells
  A perfect form in perfect rest.

THE ARRIVAL.

1.

ALL precious things, discover'd late,
  To those that seek them issue forth;
For love in sequel works with fate,
  And draws the veil from hidden worth.

He travels far from other skies—
His mantle glitters on the rocks—
A fairy Prince, with joyful eyes,
And lighter-footed than the fox.

2.

The bodies and the bones of those
That strove in other days to pass,
Are wither'd in the thorny close,
Or scatter'd blanching on the grass.
He gazes on the silent dead:
'They perish'd in their daring deeds.'
This proverb flashes thro' his head,
'The many fail: the one succeeds.'

3.

He comes, scarce knowing what he seeks:
He breaks the hedge: he enters there:
The colour flies into his cheeks:
He trusts to light on something fair;
For all his life the charm did talk
About his path, and hover near
With words of promise in his walk,
And whisper'd voices at his ear.

4.

More close and close his footsteps wind;
The Magic Music in his heart
Beats quick and quicker, till he find
The quiet chamber far apart.
His spirit flutters like a lark,
He stoops—to kiss her—on his knee.
'Love, if thy tresses be so dark,
How dark those hidden eyes must be!'

THE REVIVAL.

1.

A TOUCH, a kiss! the charm was snapt.
There rose a noise of striking clocks,

And feet that ran, and doors that clapt,
And barking dogs, and crowing cocks;
A fuller light illumined all,
A breeze thro' all the garden swept,
A sudden hubbub shook the hall,
And sixty feet the fountain leapt.

2.

The hedge broke in, the banner blew,
The butler drank, the steward scrawl'd,
The fire shot up, the martin flew,
The parrot scream'd, the peacock squall'd,
The maid and page renew'd their strife,
The palace bang'd, and buzz'd and clackt,
And all the long-pent stream of life
Dash'd downward in a cataract.

3.

And last with these the king awoke,
And in his chair himself uprear'd,
And yawn'd, and rubb'd his face, and spoke,
'By holy rood, a royal beard!
How say you? we have slept, my lords.
My beard has grown into my lap.'
The barons swore, with many words,
'Twas but an after-dinner's nap.

4.

'Pardy,' return'd the king, 'but still
My joints are something stiff or so.
My lord, and shall we pass the bill
I mention'd half an hour ago?'
The chancellor, sedate and vain,
In courteous words return'd reply:
But dallied with his golden chain,
And, smiling, put the question by.

THE DEPARTURE.

1.

AND on her lover's arm she leant,
And round her waist she felt it fold,
And far across the hills they went
In that new world which is the old:
Across the hills, and far away
Beyond their utmost purple rim,
And deep into the dying day
The happy princess follow'd him.

2.

'I'd sleep another hundred years,
O love, for such another kiss;'
'O wake for ever, love,' she hears,
'O love, 'twas such as this and this.'
And o'er them many a sliding star,
And many a merry wind was borne,
And, stream'd thro' many a golden bar,
The twilight melted into morn.

3.

'O eyes long laid in happy sleep!'
'O happy sleep, that lightly fled!'
'O happy kiss, that woke thy sleep!'
'O love, thy kiss would wake the dead!'
And o'er them many a flowing range
Of vapour buoy'd the crescent-bark,
And, rapt thro' many a rosy change,
The twilight died into the dark.

4.

'A hundred summers! can it be?
And whither goest thou, tell me where?'
'O seek my father's court with me,
For there are greater wonders there.'
And o'er the hills, and far away
Beyond their utmost purple rim,
Beyond the night, across the day,
Thro' all the world she follow'd him.

AMPHION.

My father left a park to me,
But it is wild and barren,
A garden too with scarce a tree
And waster than a warren:
Yet say the neighbours when they call,
It is not bad but good land,
And in it is the germ of all
That grows within the woodland.

O had I lived when song was great
In days of old Amphion,
And ta'en my fiddle to the gate,
Nor cared for seed or scion!
And had I lived when song was great,
And legs of trees were limber,
And ta'en my fiddle to the gate
And fiddled in the timber!

'Tis said he had a tuneful tongue,
Such happy intonation,
Wherever he sat down and sung
He left a small plantation;
Wherever in a lonely grove
He set up his forlorn pipes,
The gouty oak began to move,
And flounder into hornpipes.

The mountain stirr'd its bushy crown
And, as tradition teaches,
Young ashes pirouetted down
Coquetting with young beeches;
And briony-vine and ivy-wreath
Ran forward to his rhyming,
And from the valleys underneath
Came little copses climbing.

The linden broke her ranks and rent
The woodbine wreaths that bind her,

And down the middle buzz! she went
With all her bees behind her:
The poplars, in long order due,
With cypress promenaded,
The shock-head willows two and two
By rivers gallopaded.

Came wet-shot alder from the wave,
Came yews, a dismal coterie;
Each pluck'd his one foot from the grave,
Poussetting with a sloe-tree:
Old elms came breaking from the vine,
The vine stream'd out to follow,
And, sweating rosin, plump'd the pine
From many a cloudy hollow.

And wasn't it a sight to see,
When, ere his song was ended,
Like some great landslip, tree by tree,
The country-side descended;
And shepherds from the mountain-eaves
Look'd down, half-pleased, half-frighten'd,
As dash'd about the drunken leaves
The random sunshine lighten'd!

Oh, nature first was fresh to men,
And wanton without measure;
So youthful and so flexile then,
You moved her at your pleasure.
Twang out, my fiddle! shake the twigs!
And make her dance attendance;
Blow, flute, and stir the stiff-set sprigs,
And scirrhous roots and tendons.

'Tis vain! in such a brassy age
I could not move a thistle,
The very sparrows in the hedge
Scarce answer to my whistle;
Or at the most, when three-parts-sick
With strumming and with scraping,

A jackass heehaws from the rick,
The passive oxen gaping.

But what is that I hear? a sound
Like sleepy counsel pleading:
O Lord!—'tis in my neighbour's ground,
The modern Muses reading.
They read Botanic Treatises,
And Works on Gardening thro' there,
And Methods of transplanting trees,
To look as if they grew there.

The wither'd Misses! how they prose
O'er books of travell'd seamen,
And show you slips of all that grows
From England to Van Diemen.
They read in arbours clipt and cut,
And alleys, faded places,
By squares of tropic summer shut
And warm'd in crystal cases.

But these, tho' fed with careful dirt,
Are neither green nor sappy;
Half-conscious of the garden-squirt,
The spindlings look unhappy.
Better to me the meanest weed
That blows upon its mountain,
The vilest herb that runs to seed
Beside its native fountain.

And I must work thro' months of toil,
And years of cultivation,
Upon my proper patch of soil
To grow my own plantation.
I'll take the showers as they fall,
I will not vex my bosom:
Enough if at the end of all
A little garden blossom.

ST. AGNES' EVE.

DEEP on the convent-roof the snows
  Are sparkling to the moon:
My breath to heaven like vapour goes:
  May my soul follow soon!
The shadows of the convent-towers
  Slant down the snowy sward,
Still creeping with the creeping hours
  That lead me to my Lord:
Make Thou my spirit pure and clear
  As are the frosty skies,
Or this first snowdrop of the year
  That in my bosom lies.

As these white robes are soil'd and dark,
  To yonder shining ground;
As this pale taper's earthly spark,
  To yonder argent round;
So shows my soul before the Lamb,
  My spirit before Thee;
So in mine earthly house I am,
  To that I hope to be.
Break up the heavens, O Lord! and far,
  Thro' all yon starlight keen,
Draw me, thy bride, a glittering star,
  In raiment white and clean.

He lifts me to the golden doors;
  The flashes come and go;
All heaven bursts her starry floors,
  And strows her lights below,
And deepens on and up! the gates
  Roll back, and far within
For me the Heavenly Bridegroom waits,
  To make me pure of sin.
The sabbaths of Eternity,
  One sabbath deep and wide—
A light upon the shining sea—
  The Bridegroom with his bride!

THE LORD OF BURLEIGH.

In her ear he whispers gaily,
'If my heart by signs can tell,
Maiden, I have watch'd thee daily,
And I think thou lov'st me well.'
She replies, in accents fainter,
'There is none I love like thee.'
He is but a landscape-painter,
And a village maiden she.
He to lips, that fondly falter,
Presses his without reproof:
Leads her to the village altar,
And they leave her father's roof.
'I can make no marriage present:
Little can I give my wife.
Love will make our cottage pleasant,
And I love thee more than life.'
They by parks and lodges going
See the lordly castles stand:
Summer woods, about them blowing,
Made a murmur in the land.
From deep thought himself he rouses,
Says to her that loves him well,
'Let us see these handsome houses
Where the wealthy nobles dwell.'
So she goes by him attended,
Hears him lovingly converse,
Sees whatever fair and splendid
Lay betwixt his home and hers;
Parks with oak and chestnut shady,
Parks and order'd gardens great,
Ancient homes of lord and lady,
Built for pleasure and for state.
All he shows her makes him dearer:
Evermore she seems to gaze

On that cottage growing nearer,
Where they twain will spend their days.
O but she will love him truly!
He shall have a cheerful home;
She will order all things duly,
When beneath his roof they come.
Thus her heart rejoices greatly,
Till a gateway she discerns
With armorial bearings stately,
And beneath the gate she turns;
Sees a mansion more majestic
Than all those she saw before:
Many a gallant gay domestic
Bows before him at the door.
And they speak in gentle murmur,
When they answer to his call,
While he treads with footstep firmer,
Leading on from hall to hall.
And, while now she wonders blindly,
Nor the meaning can divine,
Proudly turns he round and kindly,
'All of this is mine and thine.'
Here he lives in state and bounty,
Lord of Burleigh, fair and free,
Not a lord in all the county
Is so great a lord as he.
All at once the colour flushes
Her sweet face from brow to chin:
As it were with shame she blushes,
And her spirit changed within.
Then her countenance all over
Pale again as death did prove:
But he clasp'd her like a lover,
And he cheered her soul with love.
So she strove against her weakness,
Tho' at times her spirits sank:
Shaped her heart with woman's meekness
To all duties of her rank:

And a gentle consort made he,
And her gentle mind was such
That she grew a noble lady,
And the people loved her much.
But a trouble weigh'd upon her,
And perplex'd her, night and morn,
With the burthen of an honour
Unto which she was not born.
Faint she grew, and ever fainter,
As she murmur'd, 'Oh, that he
Were once more that landscape-painter,
Which did win my heart from me!'
So she droop'd and droop'd before him,
Fading slowly from his side:
Three fair children first she bore him,
Then before her time she died.
Weeping, weeping late and early,
Walking up and pacing down,
Deeply mourn'd the Lord of Burleigh
Burleigh-house by Stamford-town.
And he came to look upon her,
And he look'd at her and said,
'Bring the dress and put it on her,
That she wore when she was wed.'
Then her people, softly treading,
Bore to earth her body, drest
In the dress that she was wed in,
That her spirit might have rest.

THE BEGGAR MAID.

Her arms across her breast she laid;
She was more fair than words can say:
Bare-footed came the beggar maid
Before the king Cophetua.
In robe and crown the king stept down,
To meet and greet her on her way;
'It is no wonder,' said the lords,
'She is more beautiful than day.'

As shines the moon in clouded skies,
She in her poor attire was seen:
One praised her ancles, one her eyes,
One her dark hair and lovesome mien.
So sweet a face, such angel grace,
In all that land had never been:
Cophetua sware a royal oath:
'This beggar maid shall be my queen!'

FROM 'THE VISION OF SIN!

Then methought I heard a mellow sound,
Gathering up from all the lower ground;
Narrowing in to where they sat assembled
Low voluptuous music winding trembled,
Wov'n in circles: they that heard it sigh'd,
Panted hand in hand with faces pale,
Swung themselves, and in low tones replied;
Till the fountain spouted, showering wide
Sleet of diamond-drift and pearly hail;
Then the music touch'd the gates and died;
Rose again from where it seem'd to fail,
Storm'd in orbs of song, a growing gale;
Till thronging in and in, to where they waited,
As 'twere a hundred-throated nightingale,
The strong tempestuous treble throbb'd and palpitated;
Ran into its giddiest whirl of sound,
Caught the sparkles, and in circles,
Purple gauzes, golden hazes, liquid mazes,
Flung the torrent rainbow round:
Then they started from their places,
Moved with violence, changed in hue,
Caught each other with wild grimaces,
Half-invisible to the view,
Wheeling with precipitate paces
To the melody, till they flew,
Hair and eyes, and limbs, and faces,
Twisted hard in fierce embraces,

Like to Furies, like to Graces,
Dash'd together in blinding dew:
Till, kill'd with some luxurious agony,
The nerve-dissolving melody
Flutter'd headlong from the sky.

Come not, when I am dead,
To drop thy foolish tears upon my grave,
To trample round my fallen head,
And vex the unhappy dust thou wouldst not save.
There let the wind sweep and the plover cry;
But thou, go by.

Child, if it were thine error or thy crime
I care no longer, being all unblest:
Wed whom thou wilt, but I am sick of Time,
And I desire to rest.
Pass on, weak heart, and leave me where I lie:
Go by, go by.

Break, break, break,
On thy cold gray stones, O Sea!
And I would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me.

O well for the fisherman's boy
That he shouts with his sister at play!
O well for the sailor lad,
That he sings in his boat on the bay!

And the stately ships go on
To their haven under the hill;
But O for the touch of a vanish'd hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still!

Break, break, break,
At the foot of thy crags, O Sea!
But the tender grace of a day that is dead
Will never come back to me.

PART IV.

FROM 'THE PRINCESS'.

SONG.

As thro' the land at eve we went,
And pluck'd the ripen'd ears,
We fell out, my wife and I,
O we fell out I know not why,
And kiss'd again with tears.

And blessings on the falling out
That all the more endears,
When we fall out with those we love
And kiss again with tears!

For when we came where lies the child
We lost in other years,
There above the little grave,
O there above the little grave,
We kiss'd again with tears.

LADY PSYCHE'S LECTURE.

'This world was once a fluid haze of light,
Till toward the centre set the starry tides,
And eddied into suns, that wheeling cast
The planets: then the monster, then the man;
Tattoo'd or woaded, winter-clad in skins,
Raw from the prime, and crushing down his mate;
As yet we find in barbarous isles, and here
Among the lowest.'

Thereupon she took
A bird's-eye-view of all the ungracious past;
Glanced at the legendary Amazon
As emblematic of a nobler age;
Appraised the Lycian custom, spoke of those
That lay at wine with Lar and Lucumo;
Ran down the Persian, Grecian, Roman lines
Of empire, and the woman's state in each,
How far from just; till warming with her theme
She fulmined out her scorn of laws Salique
And little-footed China, touch'd on Mahomet
With much contempt, and came to chivalry:
When some respect, however slight, was paid
To woman, superstition all awry:
However then commenced the dawn: a beam
Had slanted forward, falling in a land
Of promise; fruit would follow. Deep, indeed,
Their debt of thanks to her who first had dared
To leap the rotten pales of prejudice,
Disyoke their necks from custom, and assert
None lordlier than themselves but that which made
Woman and man. She had founded; they must build.
Here might they learn whatever men were taught:
Let them not fear: some said their heads were less:
Some men's were small; not they the least of men;
For often fineness compensated size:
Besides the brain was like the hand, and grew
With using; thence the man's, if more, was more;
He took advantage of his strength to be
First in the field: some ages had been lost;
But woman ripen'd earlier, and her life
Was longer; and albeit their glorious names
Were fewer, scatter'd stars, yet since **in truth**
The highest is the measure of the man,
And not the Kaffir, Hottentot, Malay,
Nor those horn-handed breakers of the glebe,
But Homer, Plato, Verulam; even so
With woman: and in arts of government
Elizabeth and others; arts of war

The peasant Joan and others; arts of grace
Sappho and others vied with any man:
And, last not least, she who had left her place,
And bow'd her state to them, that they might grow
To use and power on this Oasis, lapt
In the arms of leisure, sacred from the blight
Of ancient influence and scorn.
At last
She rose upon a wind of prophecy
Dilating on the future: 'everywhere
Two heads in council, two beside the hearth,
Two in the tangled business of the world,
Two in the liberal offices of life,
Two plummets dropt for one to sound the abyss
Of science, and the secrets of the mind;
Musician, painter, sculptor, critic, more:
And everywhere the broad and bounteous Earth
Should bear a double growth of those rare souls,
Poets, whose thoughts enrich the blood of the world.

SONG.

Sweet and low, sweet and low,
Wind of the western sea,
Low, low, breathe and blow,
Wind of the western sea!
Over the rolling waters go,
Come from the dying moon, and blow,
Blow him again to me;
While my little one, while my pretty one, sleeps.

Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,
Father will come to thee soon;
Rest, rest, on mother's breast,
Father will come to thee soon;
Father will come to his babe in the nest,
Silver sails all out of the west
Under the silver moon:
Sleep, my little one, sleep, my pretty one, sleep.

SONG.

THE splendour falls on castle walls
And snowy summits old in story:
The long light shakes across the lakes,
And the wild cataract leaps in glory.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O hark, O hear! how thin and clear,
And thinner, clearer, farther going!
O sweet and far from cliff and scar
The horns of Elfland faintly blowing!
Blow, let us hear the purple glens replying:
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O love, they die in yon rich sky,
They faint on hill or field or river:
Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow for ever and for ever.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
And answer, echoes, answer, dying, dying, dying.

SONG.

'TEARS, idle tears, I know not what they mean,
Tears from the depth of some divine despair
Rise in the heart, and gather to the eyes,
In looking on the happy Autumn-fields,
And thinking of the days that are no more.

'Fresh as the first beam glittering on a sail,
That brings our friends up from the underworld,
Sad as the last which reddens over one
That sinks with all we love below the verge;
So sad, so fresh, the days that are no more.

'Ah, sad and strange as in dark summer dawns
The earliest pipe of half-awaken'd birds
To dying ears, when unto dying eyes

The casement slowly grows a glimmering square;
So sad, so strange, the days that are no more.

'Dear as remember'd kisses after death,
And sweet as those by hopeless fancy feign'd
On lips that are for others; deep as love,
Deep as first love, and wild with all regret;
O Death in Life, the days that are no more.'

SONG.

'O Swallow, Swallow, flying, flying South,
Fly to her, and fall upon her gilded eaves,
And tell her, tell her, what I tell to thee.

'O tell her, Swallow, thou that knowest each,
That bright and fierce and fickle is the South,
And dark and true and tender is the North.

'O Swallow, Swallow, if I could follow, and light
Upon her lattice, I would pipe and trill,
And cheep and twitter twenty million loves.

'O were I thou that she might take me in,
And lay me on her bosom, and her heart
Would rock the snowy cradle till I died.

'Why lingereth she to clothe her heart with love,
Delaying as the tender ash delays
To clothe herself, when all the woods are green?

'O tell her, Swallow, that thy brood is flown:
Say to her, I do but wanton in the South,
But in the North long since my nest is made.

'O tell her, brief is life but love is long,
And brief the sun of summer in the North,
And brief the moon of beauty in the South.

'O Swallow, flying from the golden woods,
Fly to her, and pipe and woo her, and make her mine,
And tell her, tell her, that I follow thee.'

SONG.

Thy voice is heard thro' rolling drums,
That beat to battle where he stands;
Thy face across his fancy comes,
And gives the battle to his hands:
A moment, while the trumpets blow,
He sees his brood about thy knee;
The next, like fire he meets the foe,
And strikes him dead for thine and thee.

SONG.

Home they brought her warrior dead:
She nor swoon'd, nor utter'd cry:
All her maidens, watching, said,
'She must weep or she will die.'

Then they praised him, soft and low,
Call'd him worthy to be loved,
Truest friend and noblest foe;
Yet she neither spoke nor moved.

Stole a maiden from her place,
Lightly to the warrior stept,
Took the face-cloth from the face;
Yet she neither moved nor wept.

Rose a nurse of ninety years,
Set his child upon her knee—
Like summer tempest came her tears—
'O my child, I live for thee.'

SONG.

Ask me no more: the moon may draw the sea;
The cloud may stoop from heaven and take the shape,
With fold to fold, of mountain or of cape;
But O too fond, when have I answer'd thee?
Ask me no more.

Ask me no more: what answer should I give?
I love not hollow cheek or faded eye:
Yet, O my friend, I will not have thee die!
Ask me no more, lest I should bid thee live;
Ask me no more.

Ask me no more: thy fate and mine are seal'd:
I strove against the stream and all in vain:
Let the great river take me to the main:
No more, dear love, for at a touch I yield;
Ask me no more.

SONG.

'Now sleeps the crimson petal, now the white;
Nor waves the cypress in the palace walk;
Nor winks the gold fin in the porphyry font:
The fire-fly wakens: waken thou with me.

Now droops the milkwhite peacock like a ghost,
And like a ghost she glimmers on to me.

Now lies the Earth all Danaë to the stars,
And all thy heart lies open unto me.

Now slides the silent meteor on, and leaves
A shining furrow, as thy thoughts in me.

Now folds the lily all her sweetness up,
And slips into the bosom of the lake:
So fold thyself, my dearest, thou, and slip
Into my bosom and be lost in me.'

'COME DOWN, O MAID.'

'Come down, O maid, from yonder mountain height:
What pleasure lives in height (the Shepherd sang)
In height and cold, the splendour of the hills?
But cease to move so near the Heavens, and cease
To glide a sunbeam by the blasted Pine,
To sit a star upon the sparkling spire;
And come, for Love is of the valley, come,
For Love is of the valley, come thou down
And find him; by the happy threshold, he,
Or hand in hand with Plenty in the maize,
Or red with spirted purple of the vats,
Or foxlike in the vine; nor cares to walk
With Death and Morning on the silver horns,
Nor wilt thou snare him in the white ravine,
Nor find him dropt upon the firths of ice,
That huddling slant in furrow-cloven falls
To roll the torrent out of dusky doors:
But follow; let the torrent dance thee down
To find him in the valley; let the wild
Lean-headed Eagles yelp alone, and leave
The monstrous ledges there to slope, and spill
Their thousand wreaths of dangling water-smoke,
That like a broken purpose waste in air:
So waste not thou; but come; for all the vales
Await thee; azure pillars of the hearth
Arise to thee; the children call, and I
Thy shepherd pipe, and sweet is every sound,
Sweeter thy voice, but every sound is sweet;
Myriads of rivulets hurrying thro' the lawn,
The moan of doves in immemorial elms,
And murmuring of innumerable bees.'

'The woman's cause is man's: they rise or sink
Together, dwarf'd or godlike, bond or free:
For she that out of Lethe scales with man
The shining steps of Nature, shares with man

His nights, his days, moves with him to one goal,
Stays all the fair young planet in her hands—
If she be small, slight-natured, miserable,
How shall men grow? but work no more alone!
Our place is much: as far as in us lies
We two will serve them both in aiding her—
Will clear away the parasitic forms
That seem to keep her up but drag her down—
Will leave her space to burgeon out of all
Within her—let her make herself her own
To give or keep, to live and learn and be
All that not harms distinctive womanhood.
For woman is not undevelopt man,
But diverse: could we make her as the man,
Sweet Love were slain: his dearest bond is this,
Not like to like, but like in difference.
Yet in the long years liker must they grow;
The man be more of woman, she of man;
He gain in sweetness and in moral height,
Nor lose the wrestling thews that throw the world;
She mental breadth, nor fail in childward care,
Nor lose the childlike in the larger mind;
Till at the last she set herself to man,
Like perfect music unto noble words;
And so these twain, upon the skirts of Time,
Sit side by side, full-summ'd in all their powers,
Dispensing harvest, sowing the To-be,
Self-reverent each and reverencing each,
Distinct in individualities,
But like each other ev'n as those who love.
Then comes the statelier Eden back to men:
Then reign the world's great bridals, chaste and calm:
Then springs the crowning race of humankind.
May these things be!'

FROM 'IN MEMORIAM'.

One writes, that 'Other friends remain,'
That 'Loss is common to the race'—
And common is the commonplace,
And vacant chaff well meant for grain.

That loss is common would not make
My own less bitter, rather more:
Too common! Never morning wore
To evening, but some heart did break.

O father, wheresoe'er thou be,
Who pledgest now thy gallant son;
A shot, ere half thy draught be done,
Hath still'd the life that beat from thee.

O mother, praying God will save
Thy sailor,—while thy head is bow'd,
His heavy-shotted hammock-shroud
Drops in his vast and wandering grave.

Ye know no more than I who wrought
At that last hour to please him well;
Who mused on all I had to tell,
And something written, something thought;

Expecting still his advent home;
And ever met him on his way
With wishes, thinking, here to-day,
Or here to-morrow will he come.

O somewhere, meek unconscious dove,
That sittest ranging golden hair;
And glad to find thyself so fair,
Poor child, that waitest for thy love!

For now her father's chimney glows
In expectation of a guest;
And thinking 'this will please him best,'
She takes a riband or a rose;

For he will see them on to-night;
And with the thought her colour burns;
And, having left the glass, she turns
Once more to set a ringlet right;

And, even when she turn'd, the curse
Had fallen, and her future Lord
Was drown'd in passing thro' the ford,
Or kill'd in falling from his horse.

O what to her shall be the end?
And what to me remains of good?
To her, perpetual maidenhood,
And unto me no second friend.

I HEAR the noise about thy keel;
I hear the bell struck in the night;
I see the cabin-window bright;
I see the sailor at the wheel.

Thou bringest the sailor to his wife,
And travell'd men from foreign lands;
And letters unto trembling hands;
And, thy dark freight, a vanish'd life.

So bring him: we have idle dreams:
This look of quiet flatters thus
Our home-bred fancies: O to us,
The fools of habit, sweeter seems

To rest beneath the clover sod,
That takes the sunshine and the rains,
Or where the kneeling hamlet drains
The chalice of the grapes of God;

Than if with thee the roaring wells
Should gulf him fathom-deep in brine;
And hands so often clasp'd in mine,
Should toss with tangle and with shells.

THE time draws near the birth of Christ:
The moon is hid; the night is still;
The Christmas bells from hill to hill
Answer each other in the mist.

Four voices of four hamlets round,
From far and near, on mead and moor,
Swell out and fail, as if a door
Where shut between me and the sound:

Each voice four changes on the wind,
That now dilate, and now decrease,
Peace and goodwill, goodwill and peace,
Peace and goodwill, to all mankind.

This year I slept and woke with pain,
I almost wish'd no more to wake,
And that my hold on life would break
Before I heard those bells again:

But they my troubled spirit rule,
For they controll'd me when a boy;
They bring me sorrow touch'd with joy,
The merry merry bells of Yule.

RING out wild bells to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light:
The year is dying in the night;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow:
The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
For those that here we see no more;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife;
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
The faithless coldness of the times;
Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,
But ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease;
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

Now fades the last long streak of snow,
Now burgeons every maze of quick
About the flowering squares, and thick
By ashen roots the violets blow.

Now rings the woodland loud and long,
The distance takes a lovelier hue,
And drown'd in yonder living blue
The lark becomes a sightless song.

Now dance the lights on lawn and lea,
The flocks are whiter down the vale,
And milkier every milky sail
On winding stream or distant sea;

Where now the seamew pipes, or dives
In yonder greening gleam, and fly
The happy birds, that change their sky
To build and brood; that live their lives

From land to land; and in my breast
Spring wakens too; and my regret
Becomes an April violet,
And buds and blossoms like the rest.

THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE.

Half a league, half a league,
Half a league onward,
All in the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.
'Forward, the Light Brigade!
'Charge for the guns!' he said:
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

2.

'Forward, the Light Brigade!'
Was there a man dismay'd?
Not tho' the soldier knew
Some one had blunder'd:
Their's not to make reply,
Their's not to reason why,
Their's but to do and die,
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

3.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them
Volley'd and thunder'd;
Storm'd at with shot and shell,
Boldly they rode and well,

Into the jaws of Death,
Into the mouth of Hell
Rode the six hundred.

4.

Flash'd all their sabres bare,
Flash'd as they turn'd in air,
Sabring the gunners there,
Charging an army, while
All the world wonder'd:
Plunged in the battery-smoke
Right thro' the line they broke;
Cossack and Russian
Reel'd from the sabre-stroke
Shatter'd and sunder'd.
Then they rode back, but not
Not the six hundred.

5.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon behind them
Volley'd and thunder'd;
Storm'd at with shot and shell,
While horse and hero fell,
They that had fought so well
Came thro' the jaws of Death
Back from the mouth of Hell,
All that was left of them,
Left of six hundred.

6.

When can their glory fade?
O the wild charge they made!
All the world wonder'd.
Honour the charge they made!
Honour the Light Brigade,
Noble six hundred!

FROM 'MAUD'.

1.

A VOICE by the cedar tree,
In the meadow under the Hall!
She is singing an air that is known to me,
A passionate ballad gallant and gay,
A martial song like a trumpet's call!
Singing alone in the morning of life,
In the happy morning of life and of May,
Singing of men that in battle array,
Ready in heart and ready in hand,
March with banner and bugle and fife
To the death, for their native land.

2.

Maud with her exquisite face,
And wild voice pealing up to the sunny sky,
And feet like sunny gems on an English green,
Maud in the light of her youth and her grace,
Singing of Death, and of Honour that cannot die,
Till I well could weep for a time so sordid and mean,
And myself so languid and base.
Silence, beautiful voice!
Be still, for you only trouble the mind
With a joy in which I cannot rejoice,
A glory I shall not find.
Still! I will hear you no more,
For your sweetness hardly leaves me a choice
But to move to the meadow ard all before
Her feet on the meadow grass, and adore,
Not her, who is neither courtly nor kind,
Not her, not her, but a voice.

XII.

1.

Birds in the high Hall-garden
When twilight was falling,
Maud, Maud, Maud, Maud,
They were crying and calling.

2.

Where was Maud? in our wood;
And I, who else, was with her,
Gathering woodland lilies,
Myriads blow together.

3.

Birds in our wood sang
Ringing thro' the vallies,
Maud is here, here, here
In among the lilies.

4.

I kiss'd her slender hand,
She took the kiss sedately;
Maud is not seventeen,
But she is tall and stately.

5.

I to cry out on pride
Who have won her favour!
O Maud were sure of Heaven
If lowliness could save her.

6.

I know the way she went
Home with her maiden posy,
For her feet have touch'd the meadows
And left the daisies rosy.

7.

Birds in the high Hall-garden
Were crying and calling to her,
Where is Maud, Maud, Maud,
One is come to woo her.

XIV.

I heard no sound where I stood
But the rivulet on from the lawn
Running down to my own dark wood;
Or the voice of the long sea-wave as it swell'd
Now and then in the dim-gray dawn;
But I look'd, and round, all round the house I beheld
The death-white curtain drawn;
Felt a horror over me creep,
Prickle my skin and catch my breath,
Knew that the death-white curtain meant but sleep,
Yet I shudder'd and thought like a fool of the sleep of death.

XVII.

Go not, happy day,
From the shining fields,
Go not, happy day,
Till the maiden yields.
Rosy is the West,
Rosy is the South,
Roses are her cheeks,
And a rose her mouth.
When the happy Yes
Falters from her lips,
Pass and blush the news
O'er the blowing ships.
Over blowing seas,
Over seas at rest,

Pass the happy news,
Blush it thro' the West;
Till the red man dance
By his red cedar tree,
And the red man's babe
Leap, beyond the sea.
Blush from West to East,
Blush from East to West,
Till the West is East,
Blush it thro' the West.
Rosy is the West,
Rosy is the South,
Roses are her cheeks,
And a rose her mouth.

XVIII.

1.

I HAVE led her home, my love, my only friend.
There is none like her, none.
And never yet so warmly ran my blood
And sweetly, on and on
Calming itself to the long-wish'd-for end,
Full to the banks, close on the promised good.

2.

None like her, none.
Just now the dry-tongued laurels' pattering talk
Seem'd her light foot along the garden walk,
And shook my heart to think she comes once more;
But even then I heard her close the door,
The gates of Heaven are closed, and she is gone.

3.

There is none like her, none.
Nor will be when our summers have deceased.
O, art thou sighing for Lebanon
In the long breeze that streams to thy delicious East,

Sighing for Lebanon,
Dark cedar, tho' thy limbs have here increased,
Upon a pastoral slope as fair,
And looking to the South, and fed
With honey'd rain and delicate air,
And haunted by the starry head
Of her whose gentle will has changed my fate,
And made my life a perfumed altar-flame;
And over whom thy darkness must have spread
With such delight as theirs of old, thy great
Forefathers of the thornless garden, there
Shadowing the snow-limb'd Eve from whom she came.

4.

Here will I lie, while these long branches sway,
And you fair stars that crown a happy day
Go in and out as if at merry play,
Who am no more so all forlorn,
As when it seem'd far better to be born
To labour and the mattock-harden'd hand,
Than nursed at ease and brought to understand
A sad astrology, the boundless plan
That makes you tyrants in your iron skies,
Innumerable, pitiless, passionless eyes,
Cold fires, yet with power to burn and brand
His nothingness into man.

5.

But now shine on, and what care I,
Who in this stormy gulf have found a pearl
The countercharm of space and hollow sky,
And do accept my madness, and would die
To save from some slight shame one simple girl.

6.

Would die; for sullen-seeming Death may give
More life to Love than is or ever was
In our low world, where yet 'tis sweet to live.
Let no one ask me how it came to pass;
It seems that I am happy, that to me

A livelier emerald twinkles in the grass,
A purer sapphire melts into the sea.

7.

Not die; but live a life of truest breath,
And teach true life to fight with mortal wrongs.
O, why should Love, like men in drinking-songs,
Spice his fair banquet with the dust of death?
Make answer, Maud my bliss,
Maud, made my Maud by that long lover's kiss,
Life of my life, wilt thou not answer this?
'The dusky strand of Death inwoven here
With dear Love's tie, makes Love himself more dear.'

8.

Is that enchanted moan only the swell
Of the long waves that roll in yonder bay?
And hark the clock within, the silver knell
Of twelve sweet hours that past in bridal white,
And died to live, long as my pulses play;
But now by this my love has closed her sight
And given false death her hand, and stol'n away
To dreamful wastes where footless fancies dwell
Among the fragments of the golden day.
May nothing there her maiden grace affright!
Dear heart, I feel with thee the drowsy spell.
My bride to be, my evermore delight,
My own heart's heart and ownest own farewell;
It is but for a little space I go:
And ye meanwhile far over moor and fell
Beat to the noiseless music of the night!
Has our whole earth gone nearer to the glow
Of your soft splendours that you look so bright?
I have climb'd nearer out of lonely Hell.
Beat, happy stars, timing with things below,
Beat with my heart more blest than heart can tell,
Blest, but for some dark undercurrent woe
That seems to draw—but it shall not be so:
Let all be well, be well.

XXII.

1.

Come into the garden, Maud,
For the black bat, night, has flown,
Come into the garden, Maud,
I am here at the gate alone;
And the woodbine spices are wafted abroad,
And the musk of the roses blown.

2.

For a breeze of morning moves,
And the planet of Love is on high,
Beginning to faint in the light that she loves
On a bed of daffodil sky,
To faint in the light of the sun she loves,
To faint in his light, and to die.

3.

All night have the roses heard
The flute, violin, bassoon;
All night has the casement jessamine stirr'd
To the dancers dancing in tune;
Till a silence fell with the waking bird,
And a hush with the setting moon.

4.

I said to the lily, 'There is but one
With whom she has heart to be gay.
When will the dancers leave her alone?
She is weary of dance and play.'
Now half to the setting moon are gone,
And half to the rising day;
Low on the sand and loud on the stone
The last wheel echoes away.

5,

I said to the rose, 'The brief night goes
In babble and revel and wine.
O young lord-lover, what sighs are those,
For one that will never be thine?

But mine, but mine,' so I sware to the rose,
'For ever and ever, mine.'

6.

And the soul of the rose went into my blood,
As the music clash'd in the hall;
And long by the garden lake I stood,
For I heard your rivulet fall
From the lake to the meadow and on to the wood,
Our wood, that is dearer than all;

7.

From the meadow your walks have left so sweet
That whenever a March-wind sighs
He sets the jewel-print of your feet
In violets blue as your eyes,
To the woody hollows in which we meet
And the valleys of Paradise.

8.

The slender acacia would not shake
One long milk-bloom on the tree;
The white lake-blossom fell into the lake,
As the pimpernel dozed on the lea;
But the rose was awake all night for your sake,
Knowing your promise to me;
The lilies and roses were all awake,
They sigh'd for the dawn and thee.

9.

Queen rose of the rosebud garden of girls,
Come hither, the dances are done,
In gloss of satin and glimmer of pearls,
Queen lily and rose in one;
Shine out, little head, sunning over with curls,
To the flowers, and be their sun.

10.

There has fallen a splendid tear
From the passion-flower at the gate.

She is coming, my dove, my dear;
She is coming, my life, my fate;
The red rose cries, 'She is near, she is near;'
And the white rose weeps, 'She is late;'
The larkspur listens, 'I hear, I hear;'
And the lily whispers, 'I wait.'

11.

She is coming, my own, my sweet;
Were it ever so airy a tread,
My heart would hear her and beat,
Were it earth in an earthy bed;
My dust would hear her and beat,
Had I lain for a century dead;
Would start and tremble under her feet,
And blossom in purple and red.

FROM 'MAUD'.—PART 2.

VI.

1.

O THAT 'twere possible
After long grief and pain
To find the arms of my true love
Round me once again!

2.

When I was wont to meet her
In the silent woody places
By the home that gave me birth,
We stood tranced in long embraces
Mixt with kisses sweeter sweeter
Than any thing on earth.

3.

A shadow flits before me,
Not thou, but like to thee;
Ah Christ, that it were possible

For one short hour to see
The souls we loved, that they might tell us
What and where they be.

4.

It leads me forth at evening,
It lightly winds and steals
In a cold robe before me,
When all my spirit reels
At the shouts, the leagues of lights,
And the roaring of the wheels.

5.

Half the night I waste in sighs,
Half in dreams I sorrow after
The delight of early skies;
In a wakeful doze I sorrow
For the hand, the lips, the eyes,
For the meeting of the morrow,
The delight of happy laughter,
The delight of low replies.

6.

'Tis a morning pure and sweet,
And a dewy splendour falls
On the little flower that clings
To the turrets and the walls;
'Tis a morning pure and sweet,
And the light and shadow fleet;
She is walking in the meadow,
And the woodland echo rings;
In a moment we shall meet;
She is singing in the meadow,
And the rivulet at her feet
Ripples on in light and shadow
To the ballad that she sings.

7.

Do I hear her sing as of old,
My bird with the shining head,

My own dove with the tender eye?
But there rings on a sudden a passionate cry,
There is some one dying or dead,
And a sullen thunder is roll'd;
For a tumult shakes the city,
And I wake, my dream is fled;
In the shuddering dawn, behold,
Without knowledge, without pity,
By the curtains of my bed
That abiding phantom cold.

8.

Get thee hence, nor come again,
Mix not memory with doubt,
Pass, thou deathlike type of pain,
Pass and cease to move about,
'Tis the blot upon the brain
That *will* show itself without.

9.

Then I rise, the eavedrops fall,
And the yellow vapours choke
The great city sounding wide;
The day comes, a dull red ball
Wrapt in drifts of lurid smoke
On the misty river-tide.

10.

Thro' the hubbub of the market
I steal, a wasted frame,
It crosses here, it crosses there,
Thro' all that crowd confused and loud,
The shadow still the same;
And on my heavy eyelids
My anguish hangs like shame.

11.

Alas for her that met me,
That heard me softly call,
Came glimmering thro' the laurels
At the quiet evenfall,

In the garden by the turrets
Of the old manorial hall.

12.

Would the happy spirit descend,
From the realms of light and song,
In the chamber or the street,
As she looks among the blest,
Should I fear to greet my friend
Or to say 'forgive the wrong,'
Or to ask her, 'take me, sweet,
To the regions of thy rest?'

13.

But the broad light glares and beats,
And the shadow flits and fleets
And will not let me be;
And I loathe the squares and streets,
And the faces that one meets,
Hearts with no love for me;
Always I long to creep
Into some still cavern deep,
There to weep, and weep, and weep
My whole soul out to thee.

PART V.

FROM 'THE IDYLLS OF THE KING.'

DEDICATION.

THESE to His Memory—since he held them dear,
Perchance as finding there unconsciously
Some image of himself—I dedicate,
I dedicate, I consecrate with tears—
These Idylls.

And indeed He seems to me
Scarce other than my own ideal knight,
'Who reverenced his conscience as his king;
Whose glory was, redressing human wrong;
Who spake no slander, no, nor listened to it;
Who loved one only and who clave to her—'
Her—over all whose realms to their last isle,
Commingled with the gloom of imminent war,
The shadow of His loss drew like eclipse,
Darkening the world. We have lost him: he is gone;
We know him now: all narrow jealousies
Are silent; and we see him as he moved,
How modest, kindly, all-accomplish'd, wise,
With what sublime repression of himself,
And in what limits, and how tenderly;
Not swaying to this faction or to that;
Not making his high place the lawless perch
Of wing'd ambitions, nor a vantage-ground

For pleasure; but thro' all this tract of years
Wearing the white flower of a blameless life,
Before a thousand peering littlenesses,
In that fierce light which beats upon a throne,
And blackens every blot: for where is he
Who dares foreshadow for an only son
A lovelier life, a more unstain'd, than his?
Or how should England dreaming of *his* sons
Hope more for these than some inheritance
Of such a life, a heart, a mind as thine,
Thou noble Father of her Kings to be,
Laborious for her people and her poor—
Voice in the rich dawn of an ampler day—
Far-sighted summoner of War and Waste
To fruitful strifes and rivalries of peace—
Sweet nature gilded by the gracious gleam
Of letters, dear to Science, dear to Art,
Dear to thy land and ours, a Prince indeed,
Beyond all titles, and a household name,
Hereafter, thro' all times, Albert the Good.

Break not, O woman's-heart, but still endure;
Break not, for thou art Royal, but endure,
Remembering all the beauty of that star
Which shone so close beside Thee, that ye made
One light together, but has past and leaves
The Crown a lonely splendour.

May all love,
His love, unseen but felt, o'ershadow Thee,
The love of all Thy sons encompass Thee,
The love of all Thy daughters cherish Thee,
The love of all Thy people comfort Thee,
Till God's love set Thee at his side again!

FROM THE 'IDYLLS OF THE KING.'

ENID'S SONG.

'Turn, Fortune, turn thy wheel and lower the proud;
Turn thy wild wheel thro' sunshine, storm, and cloud;
Thy wheel and thee we neither love nor hate.

'Turn, Fortune, turn thy wheel with smile or frown;
With that wild wheel we go not up or down;
Our hoard is little, but our hearts are great.

'Smile and we smile, the lords of many lands;
Frown and we smile, the lords of our own hands;
For man is man and master of his fate.

'Turn, turn thy wheel above the staring crowd;
Thy wheel and thou are shadows in the cloud;
Thy wheel and thee we neither love nor hate.'

VIVIEN'S SONG.

'In Love, if Love be Love, if Love be ours,
Faith and unfaith can ne'er be equal powers:
Unfaith in aught is want of faith in all.

'It is the little rift within the lute,
That by and by will make the music mute,
And ever widening slowly silence all.

'The little rift within the lover's lute,
Or little pitted speck in garner'd fruit,
That rotting inward slowly moulders all.

'It is not worth the keeping: let it go;
But shall it? answer, darling, answer, no.
And trust me not at all or all in all.'

ELAINE'S SONG.

'Sweet is true love tho' given in vain, in vain;
And sweet is death who puts an end to pain:
I know not which is sweeter, no, not I.

'Love, art thou sweet? then bitter death must be:
Love, thou art bitter; sweet is death to me.
O Love, if death be sweeter, let me die.

'Sweet love, that seems not made to fade away,
Sweet death, that seems to make us loveless clay,
I know not which is sweeter, no, not I.

'I fain would follow love, if that could be;
I needs must follow death, who calls for me;
Call and I follow, I follow! let me die.'

GUINEVERE.

Queen Guinevere had fled the court, and sat
There in the holy house at Almesbury
Weeping, none with her save a little maid,
A novice: one low light betwixt them burn'd
Blurr'd by the creeping mist, for all abroad,
Beneath a moon unseen albeit at full,
The white mist, like a face-cloth to the face,
Clung to the dead earth, and the land was still.

For hither had she fled, her cause of flight
Sir Modred; he the nearest to the King,
His nephew, ever like a subtle beast
Lay couchant with his eyes upon the throne,
Ready to spring, waiting a chance: for this,
He chill'd the popular praises of the King
With silent smiles of slow disparagement;
And tamper'd with the Lords of the White Horse,
Heathen, the brood by Hengist left; and sought
To make disruption in the Table Round
Of Arthur, and to splinter it into feuds
Serving his traitorous end; and all his aims
Were sharpen'd by strong hate for Lancelot.

For thus it chanced one morn when all the court,
Green-suited, but with plumes that mock'd the may,
Had been, their wont, a-maying and return'd,

That Modred still in green, all ear and eye,
Climb'd to the high top of the garden-wall
To spy some secret scandal if he might,
And saw the Queen who sat betwixt her best
Enid, and lissome Vivien, of her court
The wiliest and the worst; and more than this
He saw not, for Sir Lancelot passing by
Spied where he couch'd, and as the gardener's hand
Picks from the colewort a green caterpillar,
So from the high wall and the flowering grove
Of grasses Lancelot pluck'd him by the heel,
And cast him as a worm upon the way;
But when he knew the Prince tho' marr'd with dust,
He, reverencing king's blood in a bad man,
Made such excuses as he might, and these
Full knightly without scorn; for in those days
No knight of Arthur's noblest dealt in scorn;
But, if a man were halt or hunch'd, in him
By those whom God had made full-limb'd and tall,
Scorn was allow'd as part of his defect,
And he was answer'd softly by the King
And all his Table. So Sir Lancelot holp
To raise the Prince, who rising twice or thrice
Full sharply smote his knees, and smiled, and went:
But, ever after, the small violence done
Rankled in him and ruffled all his heart,
As the sharp wind that ruffles all day long
A little bitter pool about a stone
On the bare coast.

But when Sir Lancelot told
This matter to the Queen, at first she laugh'd
Lightly, to think of Modred's dusty fall,
Then shudder'd, as the village wife who cries
'I shudder, some one steps across my grave;'
Then laugh'd again, but faintlier, for indeed
She half-foresaw that he, the subtle beast,
Would track her guilt until he found, and hers
Would be for evermore a name of scorn.
Henceforward rarely could she front in Hall,

Or elsewhere, Modred's narrow foxy face,
Heart-hiding smile, and gray persistent eye:
Henceforward too, the Powers that tend the soul,
To help it from the death that cannot die,
And save it even in extremes, began
To vex and plague her. Many a time for hours,
Beside the placid breathings of the King,
In the dead night, grim faces came and went
Before her, or a vague spiritual fear—
Like to some doubtful noise of creaking doors,
Heard by the watcher in a haunted house,
That keeps the rust of murder on the walls—
Held her awake: or if she slept, she dream'd
An awful dream; for then she seem'd to stand
On some vast plain before a setting sun,
And from the sun there swiftly made at her
A ghastly something, and its shadow flew
Before it, till it touch'd her, and she turn'd—
When lo! her own, that broadening from her feet,
And blackening, swallow'd all the land, and in it
Far cities burnt, and with a cry she woke.
And all this trouble did not pass but grew;
Till ev'n the clear face of the guileless King,
And trustful courtesies of household life,
Became her bane; and at the last she said,
'O Lancelot, get thee hence to thine own land,
For if thou tarry we shall meet again,
And if we meet again, some evil chance
Will make the smouldering scandal break and blaze
Before the people, and our lord the King.'
And Lancelot ever promised, but remain'd,
And still they met and met. Again she said,
'O Lancelot, if thou love me get thee hence.'
And then they were agreed upon a night
(When the good King should not be there) to meet
And part for ever. Passion-pale they met
And greeted: hands in hands, and eye to eye,
Low on the border of her couch they sat
Stammering and staring: it was their last hour,

A madness of farewells. And Modred brought
His creatures to the basement of the tower
For testimony; and crying with full voice
'Traitor, come out, ye are trapt at last,' aroused
Lancelot, who rushing outward lionlike
Leapt on him, and hurl'd him headlong, and he fell
Stunn'd, and his creatures took and bare him off
And all was still: then she, 'the end is come
And I am shamed for ever;' and he said
'Mine be the shame; mine was the sin: but rise,
And fly to my strong castle overseas:
There will I hide thee, till my life shall end,
There hold thee with my life against the world.'
She answer'd 'Lancelot, wilt thou hold me so?
Nay friend, for we have taken our farewells.
Would God, that thou could'st hide me from myself!
Mine is the shame, for I was wife, and thou
Unwedded: yet rise now, and let us fly,
For I will draw me into sanctuary,
And bide my doom.' So Lancelot got her horse,
Set her thereon, and mounted on his own,
And then they rode to the divided way,
There kiss'd, and parted weeping: for he past,
Love-loyal to the least wish of the Queen,
Back to his land; but she to Almesbury
Fled all night long by glimmering waste and weald,
And heard the Spirits of the waste and weald
Moan as she fled, or thought she heard them moan:
And in herself she moan'd 'too late, too late!'
Till in the cold wind that foreruns the morn,
A blot in heaven, the Raven, flying high,
Croak'd, and 'he thought 'he spies a field of death;
For now the Heathen of the Northern Sea,
Lured by the crimes and frailties of the court,
Begin to slay the folk, and spoil the land.'

And when she came to Almesbury she spake
There to the nuns, and said, 'mine enemies
Pursue me, but, O peaceful Sisterhood,

Receive, and yield me sanctuary, nor ask
Her name, to whom ye yield it, till her time
To tell you:' and her beauty, grace and power,
Wrought as a charm upon them, and they spared
To ask it.

So the stately Queen abode
For many a week, unknown, among the nuns;
Nor with them mix'd, nor told her name, nor sought,
Wrapt in her grief, for housel or for shrift,
But communed only with the little maid,
Who pleased her with a babbling heedlessness
Which often lured her from herself; but now,
This night, a rumour wildly blown about
Came, that Sir Modred had usurped the realm,
And leagued him with the heathen, while the King
Was waging war on Lancelot: then she thought,
'With what a hate the people and the King
Must hate me,' and bow'd down upon her hands
Silent, until the little maid, who brook'd
No silence, brake it, uttering 'late! so late!
What hour, I wonder, now?' and when she drew
No answer, by and by began to hum
An air the nuns had taught her; 'late, so late!'
Which when she heard, the Queen look'd up, and said,
'O maiden, if indeed you list to sing,
Sing, and unbind my heart that I may weep.'
Whereat full willingly sang the little maid.

'Late, late, so late! and dark the night and chill!
Late, late, so late! but we can enter still.
Too late, too late! ye cannot enter now.

'No light had we: for that we do repent;
And learning this, the bridegroom will relent.
Too late, too late! ye cannot enter now.

'No light: so late! and dark and chill the night!
O let us in, that we may find the light!
Too late, too late: ye cannot enter now.

'Have we not heard the bridegroom is so sweet?
O let us in, tho' late, to kiss his feet!
No, no, too late! ye cannot enter now.'

So sang the novice, while full passionately,
Her head upon her hands, remembering
Her thought when first she came, wept the sad Queen.
Then said the little novice prattling to her.

'O pray you, noble lady, weep no more;
But let my words, the words of one so small,
Who knowing nothing knows but to obey,
And if I do not there is penance given—
Comfort your sorrows; for they do not flow
From evil done; right sure am I of that,
Who see your tender grace and stateliness.
But weigh your sorrows with our lord the King's,
And weighing find them less; for gone is he
To wage grim war against Sir Lancelot there,
Round that strong castle where he holds the Queen;
And Modred whom he left in charge of all,
The traitor—Ah sweet lady, the King's grief
For his own self, and his own Queen, and realm,
Must needs be thrice as great as any of ours.
For me, I thank the saints, I am not great.
For if there ever come a grief to me
I cry my cry in silence, and have done:
None knows it, and my tears have brought me good.
But even were the griefs of little ones
As great as those of great ones, yet this grief
Is added to the griefs the great must bear,
That howsoever much they may desire
Silence, they cannot weep behind a cloud:
As even here they talk at Almesbury
About the good King and his wicked Queen,
And were I such a King with such a Queen,
Well might I wish to veil her wickedness,
But were I such a King, it could not be.'

Then to her own sad heart mutter'd the Queen.
'Will the child kill me with her innocent talk?'
But openly she answer'd 'must not I,
If this false traitor have displaced his lord,
Grieve with the common grief of all the realm?'

'Yea,' said the maid, 'this is all woman's grief,
That *she* is woman, whose disloyal life
Hath wrought confusion in the Table Round
Which good King Arthur founded, years ago,
With signs and miracles and wonders, there
At Camelot, ere the coming of the Queen.'

Then thought the Queen within herself again;
'Will the child kill me with her foolish prate?
But openly she spake and said to her;
'O little maid, shut in by nunnery walls,
What canst thou know of Kings and Tables Round,
Or what of signs and wonders, but the signs
And simple miracles of thy nunnery?'

To whom the little novice garrulously.
'Yea, but I know: the land was full of signs
And wonders ere the coming of the Queen.
So said my father, and himself was knight
Of the great Table—at the founding of it;
And rode thereto from Lyonnesse, and he said
That as he rode, an hour or maybe twain
After the sunset, down the coast, he heard
Strange music, and he paused and turning—there
All down the lonely coast of Lyonnesse,
Each with a beacon-star upon his head,
And with a wild sea-light about his feet,
He saw them—headland after headland flame
Far on into the rich heart of the west:
And in the light the white mermaiden swam,
And strong man-breasted things stood from the sea,
And sent a deep sea-voice thro' all the land,
To which the little elves of chasm and cleft
Made answer, sounding like a distant horn.

So said my father—yea, and furthermore,
Next morning, while he past the dim-lit woods,
Himself beheld three spirits mad with joy
Come dashing down on a tall wayside flower,
That shook beneath them, as the thistle shakes
When three gray linnets wrangle for the seed;
And still at evenings on before his horse
The flickering fairy-circle wheel'd and broke
Flying, and link'd again, and wheel'd and broke
Flying, for all the land was full of life.
And when at last he came to Camelot,
A wreath of airy dancers hand-in-hand
Swung round the lighted lantern of the hall;
And in the hall itself was such a feast
As never man had dream'd; for every knight
Had whatsoever meat he long'd for served
By hands unseen; and even as he said
Down in the cellars merry bloated things
Shoulder'd the spigot, straddling on the butts
While the wine ran: so glad were spirits and men
Before the coming of the sinful Queen.'

Then spake the Queen and somewhat bitterly.
'Were they so glad? ill prophets were they all,
Spirits and men: could none of them foresee,
Not even thy wise father with his signs
And wonders, what has fall'n upon the realm?

To whom the novice garrulously again.
'Yea, one, a bard; of whom my father said,
Full many a noble war-song had he sung,
Ev'n in the presence of an enemy's fleet,
Between the steep cliff and the coming wave;
And many a mystic lay of life and death
Had chanted on the smoky mountain-tops,
When round him bent the spirits of the hills
With all their dewy hair blown back like flame:
So said my father—and that night the bard
Sang Arthur's glorious wars, and sang the King

As well-nigh more than man, and rail'd at those
Who call'd him the false son of Gorloïs:
For there was no man knew from whence he came;
But after tempest, when the long wave broke
All down the thundering shores of Bude and Bos,
There came a day as still as heaven, and then
They found a naked child upon the sands
Of wild Tintagil by the Cornish sea;
And that was Arthur; and they foster'd him
Till he by miracle was approven king:
And that his grave should be a mystery
From all men, like his birth; and could he find
A woman in her womanhood as great
As he was in his manhood, then, he sang,
The twain together well might change the world.
But even in the middle of his song
He falter'd, and his hand fell from the harp,
And pale he turn'd, and reel'd, and would have fall'n,
But that they stay'd him up; nor would he tell
His vision; but what doubt that he foresaw
This evil work of Lancelot and the Queen?'

Then thought the Queen 'lo! they have set her on,
Our simple-seeming Abbess and her nuns,
To play upon me,' and bow'd her head nor spake.
Whereat the novice crying, with clasp'd hands,
Shame on her own garrulity garrulously,
Said the good nuns would check her gadding tongue
Full often, 'and, sweet lady, if I seem
To vex an ear too sad to listen to me,
Unmannerly, with prattling and the tales
Which my good father told me, check me too:
Nor let me shame my father's memory, one
Of noblest manners, tho' himself would say
Sir Lancelot had the noblest; and he died,
Kill'd in a tilt, come next, five summers back,
And left me; but of others who remain,
And of the two first-famed for courtesy—
And pray you check me if I ask amiss—

But pray you, which had noblest, while you moved
Among them, Lancelot or our lord the King?'

Then the pale Queen look'd up and answer'd her.
'Sir Lancelot, as became a noble knight,
Was gracious to all ladies, and the same
In open battle or the tilting-field
Forbore his own advantage, and the King
In open battle or the tilting-field
Forbore his own advantage, and these two
Were the most nobly-mannered men of all;
For manners are not idle, but the fruit
Of loyal nature, and of noble mind.'

'Yea,' said the maid, 'be manners such fair fruit?
Then Lancelot's needs must be a thousand-fold
Less noble, being, as all rumour runs,
The most disloyal friend in all the world.'

To which a mournful answer made the Queen.
'O closed about by narrowing nunnery-walls,
What knowest thou of the world, and all its lights
And shadows, all the wealth and all the woe?
If ever Lancelot, that most noble knight,
Were for one hour less noble than himself,
Pray for him that he scape the doom of fire,
And weep for her, who drew him to his doom.'

'Yea,' said the little novice, 'I pray for both;
But I should all as soon believe that his,
Sir Lancelot's, were as noble as the King's,
As I could think, sweet lady, yours would be
Such as they are, were you the sinful Queen.'

So she, like many another babbler, hurt
Whom she would soothe, and harm'd where she would heal;
For here a sudden flush of wrathful heat
Fired all the pale face of the Queen, who cried,
'Such as thou art be never maiden more
For ever! thou their tool, set on to plague

And play upon, and harry me, petty spy
And traitress.' When that storm of anger brake
From Guinevere, aghast the maiden rose,
White as her veil, and stood before the Queen
As tremulously as foam upon the beach
Stands in a wind, ready to break and fly,
And when the Queen had added 'get thee hence'
Fled frighted. Then that other left alone
Sigh'd, and began to gather heart again,
Saying in herself 'the simple, fearful child
Meant nothing, but my own too-fearful guilt
Simpler than any child, betrays itself.
But help me, heaven, for surely I repent.
For what is true repentance but in thought—
Not ev'n in inmost thought to think again
The sins that made the past so pleasant to us:
And I have sworn never to see him more,
To see him more.'

And ev'n in saying this,
Her memory from old habit of the mind
Went slipping back upon the golden days
In which she saw him first, when Lancelot came,
Reputed the best knight and goodliest man,
Ambassador, to lead her to his lord
Arthur, and led her forth, and far ahead
Of his and her retinue moving, they,
Rapt in sweet talk or lively, all on love
And sport and tilts and pleasure, (for the time
Was maytime, and as yet no sin was dream'd,)
Rode under groves that look'd a paradise
Of blossom, over sheets of hyacinth
That seem'd the heavens upbreaking thro' the earth,
And on from hill to hill, and every day
Beheld at noon in some delicious dale
The silk pavilions of King Arthur raised
For brief repast or afternoon repose
By couriers gone before; and on again,
Till yet once more ere set of sun they saw
The Dragon of the great Pendragonship,

That crown'd the state pavilion of the King,
Blaze by the rushing brook or silent well.

But when the Queen immersed in such a trance,
And moving thro' the past unconsciously,
Came to that point, when first she saw the King
Ride toward her from the city, sigh'd to find
Her journey done, glanced at him, thought him cold,
High, self-contain'd, and passionless, not like him,
'Not like my Lancelot'—while she brooded thus
And grew half-guilty in her thoughts again,
There rode an armed warrior to the doors.
A murmuring whisper thro' the nunnery ran,
Then on a sudden a cry, 'the King.' She sat
Stiff-stricken, listening; but when armed feet
Thro' the long gallery from the outer doors
Rang coming, prone from off her seat she fell,
And grovell'd with her face against the floor:
There with her milkwhite arms and shadowy hair
She made her face a darkness from the King:
And in the darkness heard his armed feet
Pause by her; then came silence, then a voice,
Monotonous and hollow like a Ghost's
Denouncing judgment, but tho' changed the King's.

'Liest thou here so low, the child of one
I honour'd, happy, dead before thy shame?
Well is it that no child is born of thee.
The children born of thee are sword and fire,
Red ruin, and the breaking up of laws,
The craft of kindred and the Godless hosts
Of heathen swarming o'er the Northern Sea.
Whom I, while yet Sir Lancelot, my right arm,
The mightiest of my knights, abode with me,
Have everywhere about this land of Christ
In twelve great battles ruining overthrown.
And knowest thou now from whence I come—from him,
From waging bitter war with him: and he,
That did not shun to smite me in worse way,
Had yet that grace of courtesy in him left,

He spared to lift his hand against the King
Who made him knight: but many a knight was slain;
And many more, and all his kith and kin
Clave to him, and abode in his own land.
And many more when Modred raised revolt,
Forgetful of their troth and fealty, clave
To Modred, and a remnant stays with me.
And of this remnant will I leave a part,
True men who love me still, for whom I live,
To guard thee in the wild hour coming on,
Lest but a hair of this low head be harm'd.
Fear not: thou shalt be guarded till my death.
Howbeit I know, if ancient prophecies
Have err'd not, that I march to meet my doom.
Thou hast not made my life so sweet to me,
That I the King should greatly care to live;
For thou hast spoilt the purpose of my life.
Bear with me for the last time while I show,
Ev'n for thy sake, the sin which thou hast sinn'd.
For when the Roman left us, and their law
Relax'd its hold upon us, and the ways
Were fill'd with rapine, here and there a deed
Of prowess done redress'd a random wrong.
But I was first of all the kings who drew
The knighthood-errant of this realm and all
The realms together under me, their Head,
In that fair order of my Table Round,
A glorious company, the flower of men,
To serve as model for the mighty world,
And be the fair beginning of a time.
I made them lay their hands in mine and swear
To reverence the King, as if he were
Their conscience, and their conscience as their King,
To break the heathen and uphold the Christ,
To ride abroad redressing human wrongs,
To speak no slander, no, nor listen to it,
To lead sweet lives in purest chastity,
To love one maiden only, cleave to her,
And worship her by years of noble deeds,

Until they won her; for indeed I knew
Of no more subtle master under heaven
Than is the maiden passion for a maid.
Not only to keep down the base in man,
But teach high thought, and amiable words
And courtliness, and the desire of fame,
And love of truth, and all that makes a man.
And all this throve until I wedded thee!
Believing 'lo mine helpmate, one to feel
My purpose and rejoicing in my joy.'
Then came thy shameful sin with Lancelot;
Then came the sin of Tristram and Isolt;
Then others, following these my mightiest knights,
And drawing foul ensample from fair names,
Sinn'd also, till the loathsome opposite
Of all my heart had destined did obtain,
And all thro' thee! so that this life of mine
I guard as God's high gift from scathe and wrong,
Not greatly care to lose; but rather think
How sad it were for Arthur, should he live,
To sit once more within his lonely hall,
And miss the wonted number of my knights,
And miss to hear high talk of noble deeds
As in the golden days before thy sin.
For which of us, who might be left, could speak
Of the pure heart, nor seem to glance at thee?
And in thy bowers of Camelot or of Usk
Thy shadow still would glide from room to room,
And I should evermore be vext with thee
In hanging robe or vacant ornament,
Or ghostly footfall echoing on the stair.
For think not, tho' thou would'st not love thy lord,
Thy lord has wholly lost his love for thee.
I am not made of so slight elements.
Yet must I leave thee, woman, to thy shame.
I hold that man the worst of public foes
Who either for his own or children's sake,
To save his blood from scandal, lets the wife
Whom he knows false, abide and rule the house:

For being thro' his cowardice allow'd
Her station, taken everywhere for pure,
She like a new disease, unknown to men,
Creeps, no precaution used, among the crowd,
Makes wicked lightnings of her eyes, and saps
The fealty of our friends, and stirs the pulse
With devil's leaps, and poisons half the young.
Worst of the worst were that man he that reigns!
Better the King's waste hearth and aching heart
Than thou reseated in thy place of light,
The mockery of my people, and their bane.'

He paused, and in the pause she crept an inch
Nearer, and laid her hands about his feet.
Far off a solitary trumpet blew.
Then waiting by the doors the warhorse neigh'd
As at a friend's voice, and he spake again.

'Yet think not that I come to urge thy crimes,
I did not come to curse thee, Guinevere,
I, whose vast pity almost makes me die
To see thee, laying there thy golden head,
My pride in happier summers, at my feet.
The wrath which forced my thoughts on that fierce law,
The doom of treason and the flaming death,
(When first I learnt thee hidden here) is past.
The pang—which while I weigh'd thy heart with one
Too wholly true to dream untruth in thee,
Made my tears burn—is also past, in part.
And all is past, the sin is sinn'd, and I,
Lo! I forgive thee, as Eternal God
Forgives: do thou for thine own soul the rest.
But how to take last leave of all I loved?
O golden hair, with which I used to play
Not knowing! O imperial-moulded form,
And beauty such as never woman wore,
Until it came a kingdom's curse with thee—
I cannot touch thy lips, they are not mine,
But Lancelot's: nay, they never were the King's.
I cannot take thy hand: that too is flesh,

And in the flesh thou hast sinn'd; and mine own flesh,
Here looking down on thine polluted, cries
'I loathe thee:' yet not less, O Guinevere,
For I was ever virgin save for thee,
My love thro' flesh hath wrought into my life
So far, that my doom is, I love thee still.
Let no man dream but that I love thee still.
Perchance, and so thou purify thy soul,
And so thou lean on our fair father Christ,
Hereafter in that world where all are pure
We two may meet before high God, and thou
Wilt spring to me, and claim me thine, and know
I am thine husband—not a smaller soul,
Nor Lancelot, nor another. Leave me that,
I charge thee, my last hope. Now must I hence.
Thro' the thick night I hear the trumpet blow:
They summon me their King to lead mine hosts
Far down to that great battle in the west,
Where I must strike against my sister's son,
Leagued with the lords of the White Horse and knights
Once mine, and strike him dead, and meet myself
Death, or I know not what mysterious doom.
And thou remaining here wilt learn the event;
But hither shall I never come again,
Never lie by thy side, see thee no more,
Farewell!'

And while she grovell'd at his feet,
She felt the King's breath wander o'er her neck,
And, in the darkness o'er her fallen head,
Perceived the waving of his hands that blest.

Then, listening till those armed steps were gone,
Rose the pale Queen, and in her anguish found
The casement: 'peradventure' so she thought,
'If I might see his face, and not be seen.'
And lo, he sat on horseback at the door!
And near him the sad nuns with each a light
Stood, and he gave them charge about the Queen,

To guard and foster her for evermore.
And while he spake to these his helm was lower'd,
To which for crest the golden dragon clung
Of Britain; so she did not see the face,
Which then was as an angel's, but she saw,
Wet with the mists and smitten by the lights,
The Dragon of the great Pendragonship
Blaze, making all the night a steam of fire.
And even then he turn'd; and more and more
The moony vapour rolling round the King,
Who seem'd the phantom of a Giant in it,
Enwound him fold by fold, and made him gray
And grayer, till himself became as mist
Before her, moving ghostlike to his doom.

Then she stretch'd out her arms and cried aloud
'Oh Arthur!' there her voice brake suddenly,
Then—as a stream that spouting from a cliff
Fails in mid air, but gathering at the base
Re-makes itself, and flashes down the vale—
Went on in passionate utterance.

'Gone—my lord!
Gone thro' my sin to slay and be to slain!
And he forgave me, and I could not speak.
Farewell? I should have answer'd his farewell.
His mercy choked me. Gone, my lord the King,
My own true lord! how dare I call him mine?
The shadow of another cleaves to me,
And makes me one pollution: he, the King,
Call'd me polluted: shall I kill myself?
What help in that? I cannot kill my sin,
If soul be soul; nor can I kill my shame;
No, nor by living can I live it down.
The days will grow to weeks, the weeks to months,
The months will add themselves and make the years,
The years will roll into the centuries,
And mine will ever be a name of scorn.
I must not dwell on that defeat of fame.
Let the world be; that is but of the world.

What else? what hope? I think there was a hope,
Except he mock'd me when he spake of hope;
His hope he call'd it; but he never mocks,
For mockery is the fume of little hearts.
And blessed be the King, who hath forgiven
My wickedness to him, and left me hope
That in mine own heart I can live down sin
And be his mate hereafter in the heavens
Before high God. Ah great and gentle lord,
Who wast, as is the conscience of a saint
Among his warring senses, to thy knights—
To whom my false voluptuous pride, that took
Full easily all impressions from below,
Would not look up, or half-despised the height
To which I would not or I could not climb—
I thought I could not breathe in that fine air
That pure severity of perfect light—
I wanted warmth and colour which I found
In Lancelot—now I see thee what thou art,
Thou art the highest and most human too,
Not Lancelot, nor another. Is there none
Will tell the King I love him tho' so late?
Now—ere he goes to the great Battle? none:
Myself must tell him in that purer life,
But now it were too daring. Ah my God,
What might I not have made of thy fair world
Had I but loved thy highest creature here?
It was my duty to have loved the highest:
It surely was my profit had I known:
It would have been my pleasure had I seen.
We needs must love the highest when we see it,
Not Lancelot, nor another.'

Here her hand
Grasp'd, made her vail her eyes: she look'd and saw
The novice, weeping, suppliant, and said to her
'Yea, little maid, for am *I* not forgiven?'
Then glancing up beheld the holy nuns
All round her, weeping; and her heart was loosed
Within her, and she wept with these and said.

'Ye know me then, that wicked one, who broke
The vast design and purpose of the King.
O shut me round with narrowing nunnery-walls,
Meek maidens, from the voices crying 'shame.'
I must not scorn myself: he loves me still.
Let no one dream but that he loves me still.
So let me, if you do not shudder at me
Nor shun to call me sister, dwell with you;
Wear black and white, and be a nun like you;
Fast with your fasts, not feasting with your feasts;
Grieve with your griefs, not grieving at your joys,
But not rejoicing; mingle with your rites;
Pray and be pray'd for; lie before your shrines;
Do each low office of your holy house;
Walk your dim cloister, and distribute dole
To poor sick people, richer in his eyes
Who ransom'd us, and haler too than I;
And treat their loathsome hurts and heal mine own;
And so wear out in almsdeed and in prayer
The sombre close of that voluptuous day,
Which wrought the ruin of my lord the King.'

She said: they took her to themselves; and she
Still hoping, fearing 'is it yet too late?'
Dwelt with them, till in time their Abbess died.
Then she, for her good deeds and her pure life,
And for the power of ministration in her,
And likewise for the high rank she had borne,
Was chosen Abbess, there, an Abbess, lived
For three brief years, and there, an Abbess, past
To where beyond these voices there is peace.

PART VI.

FROM 'ENOCH ARDEN.'

THE SEA VILLAGE.

Long lines of cliff breaking have left a chasm;
And in the chasm are foam and yellow sands;
Beyond, red roofs about a narrow wharf
In cluster; then a moulder'd church; and higher
A long street climbs to one tall-tower'd mill;
And high in heaven behind it a gray down
With Danish barrows; and a hazelwood,
By autumn nutters haunted, flourishes
Green in a cuplike hollow of the down.

THE TROPIC ISLE.

The mountain wooded to the peak, the lawns
And winding glades high up like ways to Heaven,
The slender coco's drooping crown of plumes,
The lightning flash of insect and of bird,
The lustre of the long convolvuluses
That coil'd around the stately stems, and ran
Ev'n to the limit of the land, the glows
And glories of the broad belt of the world,
All these he saw; but what he fain had seen

He could not see, the kindly human face,
Nor ever hear a kindly voice, but heard
The myriad shriek of wheeling ocean-fowl,
The league-long roller thundering on the reef,
The moving whisper of huge trees that branch'd
And blossom'd in the zenith, or the sweep
Of some precipitous rivulet to the wave,
As down the shore he ranged, or all day long
Sat often in the seaward-gazing gorge,
A shipwreck'd sailor, waiting for a sail:
No sail from day to day, but every day
The sunrise broken into scarlet shafts
Among the palms and ferns and precipices;
The blaze upon the waters to the east;
The blaze upon his island overhead;
The blaze upon the waters to the west;
Then the great stars that globed themselves in Heaven,
The hollower-bellowing ocean, and again
The scarlet shafts of sunrise—but no sail.

FROM SEA DREAMS.

A CHARACTER.

(AN IMITATION OF THE OLD SATIRE.)

With all his conscience and one eye askew,
So false, he partly took himself for true;
Whose pious talk, when most his heart was dry,
Made wet the crafty crowsfoot round his eye;
Who, never naming God except for gain,
So never took that useful name in vain;
Made Him his catspaw and the Cross his tool,
And Christ the bait to trap his dupe and fool;
Nor deeds of gift, but gifts of grace he forged,
And snakelike slimed his victim ere he gorged;
And oft at Bible meetings, o'er the rest
Arising, did his holy oily best,

Dropping the too rough *H* in Hell and Heaven,
To spread the Word by which himself had thriven.

CRADLE SONG.

WHAT does little birdie say
In her nest at peep of day?
Let me fly, says little birdie,
Mother, let me fly away.
Birdie, rest a little longer,
Till the little wings are stronger.
So she rests a little longer,
Then she flies away.

What does little baby say,
In her bed at peep of day?
Baby says, like little birdie,
Let me rise and fly away.
Baby, sleep a little longer,
Till the little limbs are stronger.
If she sleeps a little longer,
Baby too shall fly away.

TITHONUS.

THE woods decay, the woods decay and fall,
The vapours weep their burthen to the ground,
Man comes and tills the field and lies beneath,
And after many a summer dies the swan.
Me only cruel immortality
Consumes: I wither slowly in thine arms,
Here at the quiet limit of the world,
A white-hair'd shadow roaming like a dream
The ever silent spaces of the East,
Far-folded mists, and gleaming halls of morn.

Alas! for this gray shadow, once a man—
So glorious in his beauty and thy choice,

Who madest him thy chosen, that he seem'd
To his great heart none other than a God!
I ask'd thee, 'Give me immortality.'
Then didst thou grant mine asking with a smile,
Like wealthy men who care not how they give.
But thy strong Hours indignant work'd their wills,
And beat me down and marr'd and wasted me,
And tho' they could not end me, left me maim'd
To dwell in presence of immortal youth,
Immortal age beside immortal youth,
And all I was, in ashes. Can thy love,
Thy beauty, make amends, tho' even now,
Close over us, the silver star, thy guide,
Shines in those tremulous eyes that fill with tears
To hear me? Let me go: take back thy gift:
Why should a man desire in any way
To vary from the kindly race of men,
Or pass beyond the goal of ordinance
Where all should pause, as is most meet for all?

A soft air fans the cloud apart; there comes
A glimpse of that dark world where I was born.
Once more the old mysterious glimmer steals
From thy pure brows, and from thy shoulders pure,
And bosom beating with a heart renew'd.
Thy cheek begins to redden thro' the gloom,
Thy sweet eyes brighten slowly close to mine,
Ere yet they blind the stars, and the wild team
Which love thee, yearning for thy yoke, arise,
And shake the darkness from their loosen'd manes,
And beat the twilight into flakes of fire.

Lo! ever thus thou growest beautiful
In silence, then before thine answer given
Departest, and thy tears are on my cheek.

Why wilt thou ever scare me with thy tears,
And make me tremble lest a saying learnt,

In days far-off, on that dark earth, be true?
'The Gods themselves cannot recall their gifts.'

Ay me! ay me! with what another heart
In days far-off, and with what other eyes
I used to watch—if I be he that watch'd—
The lucid outline forming round thee; saw
The dim curls kindle into sunny rings;
Changed with thy mystic change, and felt my blood
Glow with the glow that slowly crimson'd all
Thy presence and thy portals, while I lay,
Mouth, forehead, eyelids, growing dewy-warm
With kisses balmier than half-opening buds
Of April, and could hear the lips that kiss'd
Whispering I knew not what of wild and sweet,
Like that strange song I heard Apollo sing,
While Ilion like a mist rose into towers.

Yet hold me not for ever in thine East:
How can my nature longer mix with thine?
Coldly thy rosy shadows bathe me, cold
Are all thy lights, and cold my wrinkled feet
Upon thy glimmering thresholds, when the steam
Floats up from those dim fields about the homes
Of happy men that have the power to die,
And grassy barrows of the happier dead.
Release me, and restore me to the ground;
Thou seëst all things, thou wilt see my grave:
Thou wilt renew thy beauty morn by morn;
I earth in earth forget these empty courts,
And thee returning on thy silver wheels.

IN THE VALLEY OF CAUTERETZ.

All along the valley, stream that flashest white,
Deepening thy voice with the deepening of the night,
All along the valley, where thy waters flow,
I walk'd with one I loved two and thirty years ago.

All along the valley while I walk'd to-day,
The two and thirty years were a mist that rolls away;
For all along the valley, down thy rocky bed
Thy living voice to me was as the voice of the dead,
And all along the valley, by rock and cave and tree,
The voice of the dead was a living voice to me.

THE SAILOR BOY.

He rose at dawn and, fired with hope,
Shot o'er the seething harbour-bar,
And reach'd the ship and caught the rope,
And whistled to the morning star.

And while he whistled long and loud
He heard a fierce mermaiden cry,
'O boy, tho' thou art young and proud,
I see the place where thou wilt lie.

'The sands and yeasty surges mix
In caves about the dreary bay,
And on thy ribs the limpet sticks,
And in thy heart the scrawl shall play.'

'Fool,' he answer'd, 'death is sure
To those that stay and those that roam,
But I will nevermore endure
To sit with empty hands at home.

'My mother clings about my neck,
My sisters crying 'stay for shame;'
My father raves of death and wreck,
They are all to blame, they are all to blame.

'God help me! save I take my part
Of danger on the roaring sea,
A devil rises in my heart,
Far worse than any death to me.'

THE ISLET.

'WHITHER O whither love shall we go,
For a score of sweet little summers or so',
The sweet little wife of the singer said,
On the day that follow'd the day she was wed,
'Whither O whither love shall we go?'
And the singer shaking his curly head
Turn'd as he sat, and struck the keys
There at his right with a sudden crash,
Singing, 'and shall it be over the seas
With a crew that is neither rude nor rash,
But a bevy of Eroses apple-cheek'd,
In a shallop of crystal ivory-beak'd,
With a satin sail of a ruby glow,
To a sweet little Eden on earth that I know,
A mountain islet pointed and peak'd;
Waves on a diamond shingle dash,
Cataract brooks to the ocean run,
Fairily-delicate palaces shine
Mixt with myrtle and clad with vine,
And overstream'd and silvery-streak'd
With many a rivulet high against the Sun
The facets of the glorious mountain flash
Above the valleys of palm and pine.'

'Thither O thither, love, let us go.'

'No, no, no!
For in all that exquisite isle, my dear,
There is but one bird with a musical throat,
And his compass is but of a single note,
That it makes one weary to hear.'

'Mock me not! mock me not! love, let us go.'

'No, love, no.
For the bud ever breaks into bloom on the tree,

And a storm never wakes on the lonely sea,
And a worm is there in the lonely wood,
That pierces the liver and blackens the blood,
And makes it a sorrow to be.'

THE RINGLET.

'Your ringlets, your ringlets,
That look so golden-gay,
If you will give me one, but one,
To kiss it night and day,
Then never chilling touch of Time
Will turn it silver-gray;
And then shall I know it is all true gold
To flame and sparkle and stream as of old,
Till all the comets in heaven are cold,
And all her stars decay.'
'Then take it, love, and put it by;
This cannot change, nor yet can I.'

2.

'My ringlet, my ringlet,
That art so golden-gay,
Now never chilling touch of Time
Can turn thee silver-gray;
And a lad may wink, and a girl may hint,
And a fool may say his say;
For my doubts and fears were all amiss,
And I swear henceforth by this and this,
That a doubt will only come for a kiss,
And a fear to be kiss'd away.'
'Then kiss it, love, and put it by:
If this can change, why so can I.'

II.

O Ringlet, O Ringlet,
I kiss'd you night and day,
And Ringlet, O Ringlet,
You still are golden-gay,

But Ringlet, O Ringlet,
You should be silver-gray:
For what is this which now I'm told,
I that took you for true gold,
She that gave you's bought and sold,
Sold, sold.

2.

O Ringlet, O Ringlet,
She blush'd a rosy red,
When Ringlet, O Ringlet,
She clipt you from her head,
And Ringlet, O Ringlet,
She gave you me, and said,
'Come, kiss it, love, and put it by:
If this can change, why so can I.'
O fie, you golden nothing, fie
You golden lie.

3

O Ringlet, O Ringlet,
I count you much to blame,
For Ringlet, O Ringlet,
You put me much to shame,
So Ringlet, O Ringlet,
I doom you to the flame.
For what is this which now I learn,
Has given all my faith a turn?
Burn, you glossy heretic, burn,
Burn, burn.

MILTON.

ALCAICS.

O MIGHTY-MOUTH'D inventor of harmonies,
O skill'd to sing of Time or Eternity,
God-gifted organ-voice of England,
Milton, a name to resound for ages;

Whose Titan angels, Gabriel, Abdiel,
Starr'd from Jehovah's gorgeous armouries,
Tower, as the deep-domed empyrëan
Rings to the roar of an angel onset—

Me rather all that bowery loneliness,
The brooks of Eden mazily murmuring,
And bloom profuse and cedar arches
Charm, as a wanderer out in ocean,
Where some refulgent sunset of India
Streams o'er a rich ambrosial ocean isle,
And crimson-hued the stately palmwoods
Whisper in odorous heights of even.

SPECIMEN

OF A TRANSLATION OF THE ILIAD IN BLANK VERSE.

So Hector said, and sea-like roar'd his host;
Then loosed their sweating horses from the yoke,
And each beside his chariot bound his own;
And oxen from the city; and goodly sheep
In haste they drove, and honey-hearted wine
And bread from out the houses brought, and heap'd
Their firewood, and the winds from off the plain
Roll'd the rich vapour far into the heaven.
And these all night upon the bridge of war
Sat glorying; many a fire before them blazed:
As when in heaven the stars about the moon
Look beautiful, when all the winds are laid,
And every height comes out, and jutting peak
And valley, and the immeasurable heavens
Break open to their highest, and all the stars
Shine, and the Shepherd gladdens in his heart:
So many a fire between the ships and stream
Of Xanthus blazed before the towers of Troy,
A thousand on the plain; and close by each
Sat fifty in the blaze of burning fire;

And champing golden grain, the horses stood
Hard by their chariots, waiting for the dawn.

Iliad 8. 542—561.

THE VICTIM.

I.

A PLAGUE upon the people fell,
A famine after laid them low,
Then thorpe and byre arose in fire,
For on them brake the sudden foe;
So thick they died the people cried
'The Gods are moved against the land.'
The Priest in horror about his altar
To Thor and Odin lifted a hand:
'Help us from famine
And plague and strife!
What would you have of us?
Human life?
Were it our nearest,
Were it our dearest,
(Answer, O answer)
We give you his life.'

II.

But still the foeman spoil'd and burn'd,
And cattle died, and deer in wood,
And bird in air, and fishes turn'd
And whiten'd all the rolling flood;
And dead men lay all over the way,
Or down in a furrow scathed with flame:
And ever and aye the Priesthood moan'd
Till at last it seem'd that an answer came:
'The King is happy
In child and wife;
Take you his dearest,
Give us a life.'

III.

The Priest went out by heath and hill;
The King was hunting in the wild;
They found the mother sitting still;
She cast her arms about the child.
The child was only eight summers old,
His beauty still with his years increased,
His face was ruddy, his hair was gold,
He seem'd a victim due to the priest.
The Priest beheld him,
And cried with joy,
'The Gods have answer'd:
We give them the boy.'

IV.

The King return'd from out the wild,
He bore but little game in hand;
The mother said 'They have taken the child
To spill his blood and heal the land:
The land is sick, the people diseased,
And blight and famine on all the lea:
The holy Gods, they must be appeased,
So I pray you tell the truth to me.
They have taken our son,
They will have his life.
Is *he* your dearest?
Or I, the wife?'

V.

The King bent low, with hand on brow,
He stay'd his arms upon his knee:
'O wife, what use to answer now?
For now the Priest has judged for me.'
The King was shaken with holy fear;
'The Gods,' he said, 'would have chosen well;
Yet both are near, and both are dear,
And which the dearest I cannot tell!'

But the Priest was happy,
His victim won:
'We have his dearest,
His only son!'

VI.

The rites prepared, the victim bared,
The knife uprising toward the blow,
To the altar-stone she sprang alone,
'Me, not my darling, no!'
He caught her away with a sudden cry;
Suddenly from him brake his wife,
And shrieking '*I* am his dearest, I—
I am his dearest!' rush'd on the knife.
And the Priest was happy,
'O, Father Odin,
We give you a life.
Which was his nearest?
Who was his dearest?
The Gods have answer'd;
We give them the wife!'

WAGES.

Glory of warrior, glory of orator, glory of song,
Paid with a voice flying by to be lost on an endless sea—
Glory of Virtue, to fight, to struggle, to right the wrong—
Nay, but she aim'd not at glory, no lover of glory she:
Give her the glory of going on, and still to be.
The wages of sin is death: if the wages of Virtue be dust,
Would she have heart to endure for the life of the worm and the fly?
She desires no isles of the blest, no quiet seats of the just,
To rest in a golden grove, or to bask in a summer sky:
Give her the wages of going on, and not to die.

Lucilia, wedded to Lucretius, found
Her master cold; for when the morning flush
Of passion and the first embrace had died
Between them, tho' he loved her none the less,
Yet often when the woman heard his foot
Return from pacings in the field, and ran
To greet him with a kiss, the master took
Small notice, or austerely, for—his mind
Half buried in some weightier argument,
Or fancy-borne perhaps upon the rise
And long roll of the Hexameter—he past
To turn and ponder those three hundred scrolls
Left by the Teacher whom he held divine.
She brook'd it not; but wrathful, petulant,
Dreaming some rival, sought and found a witch
Who brew'd the philtre which had power, they said,
To lead an errant passion home again.
And this, at times, she mingled with his drink,
And this destroy'd him; for the wicked broth
Confused the chemic labour of the blood,
And tickling the brute brain within the man's
Made havock among those tender cells, and check'd
His power to shape: he loath'd himself; and once
After a tempest woke upon a morn
That mock'd him with returning calm, and cried;

'Storm in the night! for thrice I heard the rain
Rushing; and once the flash of a thunderbolt—
Methought I never saw so fierce a fork—
Struck out the streaming mountain-side, and show'd
A riotous confluence of watercourses
Blanching and billowing in a hollow of it,
Where all but yester-eve was dusty-dry.

'Storm, and what dreams, ye holy Gods, what dreams!
For thrice I waken'd after dreams. Perchance
We do but recollect the dreams that come
Just ere the waking: terrible! for it seem'd
A void was made in Nature; all her bonds
Crack'd; and I saw the flaring atom-streams
And torrents of her myriad universe,
Ruining along the illimitable inane,
Fly on to clash together again, and make
Another and another frame of things
For ever: that was mine, my dream, I knew it—
Of and belonging to me, as the dog
With inward yelp and restless forefoot plies
His function of the woodland: but the next!
I thought that all the blood by Sylla shed
Came driving rainlike down again on earth,
And where it dash'd the reddening meadow, sprang
No dragon warriors from Cadmean teeth,
For these I thought my dream would show to me,
But girls, Hetairai, curious in their art,
Hired animalisms, vile as those that made
The mulberry-faced Dictator's orgies worse
Than aught they fable of the quiet Gods.
And hands they mixt, and yell'd and round me drove
In narrowing circles till I yell'd again
Half-suffocated, and sprung up, and saw—
Was it the first beam of my latest day?

'Then, then, from utter gloom stood out the breasts,
The breasts of Helen, and hoveringly a sword
Now over and now under, now direct,
Pointed itself to pierce, but sank down shamed
At all that beauty; and as I stared, a fire,
The fire that left a roofless Ilion,
Shot out of them, and scorch'd me that I woke.

'Is this thy vengeance, holy Venus, thine,
Because I would not one of thine own doves,
Not ev'n a rose, were offer'd to thee? thine,

Forgetful how my rich proœmion makes
Thy glory fly along the Italian field,
In lays that will outlast thy Deity?

'Deity? nay, thy worshippers. My tongue
Trips, or I speak profanely. Which of these
Angers thee most, or angers thee at all?
Not if thou be'st of those who, far aloof
From envy, hate and pity, and spite and scorn,
Live the great life which all our greatest fain
Would follow, center'd in eternal calm.

'Nay, if thou can'st, O Goddess, like ourselves
Touch, and be touch'd, then would I cry to thee
To kiss thy Mavors, roll thy tender arms
Round him, and keep him from the lust of blood
That makes a steaming slaughter-house of Rome.

'Ay, but I meant not thee; I meant not her,
Whom all the pines of Ida shook to see
Slide from that quiet heaven of hers, and tempt
The Trojan, while his neat-herds were abroad;
Nor her that o'er her wounded hunter wept
Her Deity false in human-amorous tears;
Nor whom her beardless apple-arbiter
Decided fairest. Rather, O ye Gods,
Poet-like, as the great Sicilian called
Calliope to grace his golden verse—
Ay, and this Kypris also—did I take
That popular name of thine to shadow forth
The all-generating powers and genial heat
Of Nature, when she strikes thro' the thick blood
Of cattle, and light is large, and lambs are glad
Nosing the mother's udder, and the bird
Makes his heart voice amid the blaze of flowers:
Which things appear the work of mighty Gods.

'The Gods! and if I go *my* work is left
Unfinish'd—*if* I go. The Gods, who haunt
The lucid interspace of world and world,

Where never creeps a cloud, or moves a wind,
Nor ever falls the least white star of snow,
Nor ever lowest roll of thunder moans,
Nor sound of human sorrow mounts to mar
Their sacred everlasting calm! and such,
Not all so fine, nor so divine a calm,
Not such, nor all unlike it, man may gain
Letting his own life go. The Gods, the Gods!
If all be atoms, how then should the Gods
Being atomic not be dissoluble,
Not follow the great law? My master held
That Gods there are, for all men so believe.
I prest my footsteps into his, and meant
Surely to lead my Memmius in a train
Of flowery clauses onward to the proof
That Gods there are, and deathless. Meant? I meant?
I have forgotten what I meant! my mind
Stumbles, and all my faculties are lamed.

'Look where another of our Gods, the Sun,
Apollo, Delius, or of older use
All-seeing Hyperion—what you will—
Has mounted yonder; since he never sware,
Except his wrath were wreak'd on wretched man,
That he would only shine among the dead
Hereafter; tales! for never yet on earth
Could dead flesh creep, or bits of roasting ox
Moan round the spit—nor knows he what he sees;
King of the East altho' he seem, and girt
With song and flame and fragrance, slowly lifts
His golden feet on those empurpled stairs
That climb into the windy halls of heaven:
And here he glances on an eye new-born,
And gets for greeting but a wail of pain;
And here he stays upon a freezing orb
That fain would gaze upon him to the last;
And here upon a yellow eyelid fall'n
And closed by those who mourn a friend in vain,
Not thankful that his troubles are no more.

And me, altho' his fire is on my face
Blinding, he sees not, nor at all can tell
Whether I mean this day to end myself,
Or lend an ear to Plato where he says,
That men like soldiers may not quit the post
Allotted by the Gods: but he that holds
The Gods are careless, wherefore need he care
Greatly for them, nor rather plunge at once,
Being troubled, wholly out of sight, and sink
Past earthquake—ay, and gout and stone, that break
Body toward death, and palsy, death-in-life,
And wretched age—and worst disease of all,
These prodigies of myriad nakednesses,
And twisted shapes of lust, unspeakable,
Abominable, strangers at my hearth
Not welcome, harpies miring every dish,
The phantom husks of something foully done,
And fleeting thro' the boundless universe,
And blasting the long quiet of my breast
With animal heat and dire insanity?

'How should the mind, except it loved them, clasp
These idols to herself? or do they fly
Now thinner, and now thicker, like the flakes
In a fall of snow, and so press in, perforce
Of multitude, as crowds that in an hour
Of civic tumult jam the doors, and bear
The keepers down, and throng, their rags and they,
The basest, far into that council-hall
Where sit the best and stateliest of the land?

'Can I not fling this horror off me again,
Seeing with how great ease Nature can smile,
Balmier and nobler from her bath of storm,
At random ravage? and how easily
The mountain there has cast his cloudy slough,
Now towering o'er him in serenest air,
A mountain o'er a mountain,—ay and within
All hollow as the hopes and fears of men?

'But who was he, that in the garden snared
Picus and Faunus, rustic Gods? a tale
To laugh at—more to laugh at in myself—
For look! what is it? there? yon arbutus
Totters; a noiseless riot underneath
Strikes through the wood, sets all the tops quivering—
The mountain quickens into Nymph and Faun;
And here an Oread—how the sun delights
To glance and shift about her slippery sides,
And rosy knees and supple roundedness,
And budded bosom-peaks—who this way runs
Before the rest—A satyr, a satyr, see,
Follows; but him I proved impossible;
Twy-natured is no nature: yet he draws
Nearer and nearer, and I scan him now
Beastlier than any phantom of his kind
That ever butted his rough brother-brute
For lust or lusty blood or provender:
I hate, abhor, spit, sicken at him; and she
Loathes him as well; such a precipitate heel,
Fledged as it were with Mercury's ankle-wing,
Whirls her to me: but will she fling herself,
Shameless upon me? Catch her, goatfoot: nay,
Hide, hide them, million-myrtled wilderness,
And cavern-shadowing laurels, hide! do I wish—
What?—that the bush were leafless? or to whelm
All of them in one massacre? O ye Gods,
I know you careless, yet, behold, to you
From childly wont and ancient use I call—
I thought I lived securely as yourselves—
No lewdness, narrowing envy, monkey-spite,
No madness of ambition, avarice, none:
No larger feast than under plane or pine
With neighbours laid along the grass, to take
Only such cups as left us friendly-warm,
Affirming each his own philosophy—
Nothing to mar the sober majesties
Of settled, sweet, Epicurean life.
But now it seems some unseen monster lays

His vast and filthy hands upon my will,
Wrenching it backward into his; and spoils
My bliss in being; and it was not great;
For save when shutting reasons up in rhythm,
Or Heliconian honey in living words,
To make a truth less harsh, I often grew
Tired of so much within our little life,
Or of so little in our little life—
Poor little life that toddles half an hour
Crown'd with a flower or two, and there an end—
And since the nobler pleasure seems to fade,
Why should I, beastlike as I find myself,
Not manlike end myself?—our privilege—
What beast has heart to do it? And what man,
What Roman would be dragg'd in triumph thus?
Not I; not he, who bears one name with her
Whose death-blow struck the dateless doom of kings,
When, brooking not the Tarquin in her veins,
She made her blood in sight of Collatine
And all his peers, flushing the guiltless air,
Spout from the maiden fountain in her heart.
And from it sprang the Commonwealth, which breaks
As I am breaking now!

'And therefore now
Let her, that is the womb and tomb of all,
Great Nature, take, and forcing far apart
Those blind beginnings that have made me man
Dash them anew together at her will
Through all her cycles—into man once more,
Or beast or bird or fish, or opulent flower:
But till this cosmic order everywhere
Shatter'd into one earthquake in one day
Cracks all to pieces,—and that hour perhaps
Is not so far when momentary man
Shall seem no more a something to himself,
But he, his hopes and hates, his homes and fanes,
And even his bones long laid within the grave,
The very sides of the grave itself shall pass,

Vanishing, atom and void, atom and void,
Into the unseen for ever,—till that hour,
My golden work in which I told a truth
That stays the rolling Ixionian wheel,
And numbs the Fury's ringlet-snake, and plucks
The mortal soul from out immortal hell,
Shall stand: ay, surely: then it fails at last
And perishes as I must; for O Thou,
Passionless bride, divine Tranquillity,
Yearn'd after by the wisest of the wise,
Who fail to find thee, being as thou art
Without one pleasure and without one pain,
Howbeit I know thou surely must be mine
Or soon or late, yet out of season, thus
I woo thee roughly, for thou carest not
How roughly men may woo thee so they win—
Thus—thus: the soul flies out and dies in the air.'

With that he drove the knife into his side:
She heard him raging, heard him fall; ran in,
Beat breast, tore hair, cried out upon herself
As having fail'd in duty to him, shriek'd
That she but meant to win him back, fell on him,
Clasp'd, kiss'd him, wail'd: he answer'd, 'Care not thou!
Thy duty? What is duty? Fare thee well!'

FROM 'THE HOLY GRAIL'.

THE PASSING OF ARTHUR.

So all day long the noise of battle roll'd
Among the mountains by the winter sea;
Until King Arthur's table, man by man,
Had fall'n in Lyonness about their Lord,
King Arthur: then, because his wound was deep,
The bold Sir Bedivere uplifted him,
Sir Bedivere, the last of all his knights,
And bore him to a chapel nigh the field,

A broken chancel with a broken cross,
That stood on a dark strait of barren land.
On one side lay the Ocean, and on one
Lay a great water, and the moon was full.
Then spake King Arthur to Sir Bedivere:
'The sequel of to-day unsolders all
The goodliest fellowship of famous knights
Whereof this world holds record. Such a sleep
They sleep—the men I loved. I think that we
Shall never more, at any future time,
Delight our souls with talk of knightly deeds,
Walking about the gardens and the halls
Of Camelot, as in the days that were.
I perish by this people which I made,—
Tho' Merlin sware that I should come again
To rule once more—but let what will be, be,
I am so deeply smitten thro' the helm
That without help I cannot last till morn.
Thou therefore take my brand Excalibur,
Which was my pride: for thou rememberest how
In those old days, one summer noon, an arm
Rose up from out the bosom of the lake,
Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,
Holding the sword—and how I row'd across
And took it, and have worn it, like a king:
And, wheresoever I am sung or told
In aftertime, this also shall be known:
But now delay not: take Excalibur,
And fling him far into the middle mere:
Watch what thou seëst, and lightly bring me word.'
To him replied the bold Sir Bedivere:
'It is not meet, Sir King, to leave thee thus,
Aidless, alone, and smitten thro' the helm.
A little thing may harm a wounded man.
Yet I thy hest will all perform at full,
Watch what I see, and lightly bring thee word.'
So saying, from the ruin'd shrine he stept
And in the moon athwart the place of tombs,
Where lay the mighty bones of ancient men,

Old knights, and over them the sea-wind sang
Shrill, chill, with flakes of foam. He, stepping down
By zig-zag paths, and juts of pointed rock,
Came on the shining levels of the lake.
There drew he forth the brand Excalibur,
And o'er him, drawing it, the winter moon,
Brightening the skirts of a long cloud, ran forth
And sparkled keen with frost against the hilt:
For all the haft twinkled with diamond sparks,
Myriads of topaz-lights, and jacinth-work
Of subtlest jewellery. He gazed so long
That both his eyes were dazzled, as he stood,
This way and that dividing the swift mind,
In act to throw: but at the last it seem'd
Better to leave Excalibur conceal'd
There in the many-knotted waterflags,
That whistled stiff and dry about the marge.
So strode he back slow to the wounded king.
Then spake King Arthur to Sir Bedivere:
'Hast thou perform'd my mission which I gave?
What is it thou hast seen? or what hast heard?'
And answer made the bold Sir Bedivere:
'I heard the ripple washing in the reeds,
And the wild water lapping on the crag.'
To whom replied King Arthur, faint and pale:
'Thou hast betray'd thy nature and thy name,
Not rendering true answer, as beseem'd
Thy fëalty, nor like a noble knight:
For surer sign had follow'd, either hand,
Or voice, or else a motion of the mere.
This is a shameful thing for men to lie.
Yet now, I charge thee, quickly go again
As thou art lief and dear, and do the thing
I bad thee, watch, and lightly bring me word.'
Then went Sir Bedivere the second time
Across the ridge, and paced beside the mere,
Counting the dewy pebbles, fix'd in thought;
But when he saw the wonder of the hilt,
How curiously and strangely chased, he smote

His palms together, and he cried aloud.
'And if indeed I cast the brand away,
Surely a precious thing, one worthy note,
Should thus be lost for ever from the earth,
Which might have pleased the eyes of many men.
What good should follow this, if this were done?
What harm, undone? deep harm to disobey,
Seeing obedience is the bond of rule.
Were it well to obey then, if a king demand
An act unprofitable, against himself?
The King is sick, and knows not what he does.
What record, or what relic of my lord
Should be to aftertime, but empty breath
And rumours of a doubt? but were this kept,
Stored in some treasure-house of mighty kings,
Some one might show it at a joust of arms,
Saying, 'King Arthur's sword, Excalibur,
Wrought by the lonely maiden of the Lake.
Nine years she wrought it, sitting in the deeps
Upon the hidden bases of the hills.'
So might some old man speak in the aftertime
To all the people, winning reverence.
But now much honour and much fame were lost.'
So spake he, clouded with his own conceit,
And hid Excalibur the second time,
And so strode back slow to the wounded King.
Then spoke King Arthur, breathing heavily:
'What is it thou hast seen? or what hast heard?'
And answer made the bold Sir Bedivere:
'I heard the water lapping on the crag,
And the long ripple washing in the reeds.'
To whom replied King Arthur, much in wrath:
'Ah, miserable and unkind, untrue,
Unknightly, traitor-hearted! Woe is me!
Authority forgets a dying king,
Laid widow'd of the power in his eye
That bow'd the will. I see thee what thou art,
For thou, the latest-left of all my knights,
In whom should meet the offices of all,

Thou wouldst betray me for the precious hilt;
Either from lust of gold, or like a girl
Valuing the giddy pleasure of the eyes.
Yet, for a man may fail in duty twice,
And the third time may prosper, get thee hence:
But, if thou spare to fling Excalibur,
I will arise and slay thee with my hands.'
Then quickly rose Sir Bedivere, and ran,
And, leaping down the ridges lightly, plunged
Among the bulrush-beds, and clutch'd the sword,
And strongly wheel'd and threw it. The great brand
Made lightnings in the splendour of the moon,
And flashing round and round, and whirl'd in an arch,
Shot like a streamer of the northern morn,
Seen where the moving isles of winter shock
By night, with noises of the northern sea.
So flash'd and fell the brand Excalibur:
But ere he dipt the surface, rose an arm
Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,
And caught him by the hilt, and brandish'd him
Three times, and drew him under in the mere.
And lightly went the other to the King.
Then spoke King Arthur, drawing thicker breath:
'Now see I by thine eyes that this is done.
Speak out: what is it thou hast heard, or seen?'
And answer made the bold Sir Bedivere:
'Sir King, I closed mine eyelids, lest the gems
Should blind my purpose, for I never saw,
Nor shall see, here or elsewhere, till I die,
Not tho' I live three lives of mortal men,
So great a miracle as yonder hilt.
Then with both hands I flung him, wheeling him;
But when I look'd again, behold an arm,
Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,
That caught him by the hilt, and brandish'd him
Three times, and drew him under in the mere.'
And answer made King Arthur, breathing hard:
'My end draws nigh; 'tis time that I were gone.
Make broad thy shoulders to receive my weight,

And bear me to the margin; yet I fear
My wound hath taken cold, and I shall die.'
So saying, from the pavement he half rose,
Slowly, with pain, reclining on his arm,
And looking wistfully with wide blue eyes
As in a picture. Him Sir Bedivere
Remorsefully regarded thro' his tears,
And would have spoken, but he found not words,
Then took with care, and kneeling on one knee,
O'er both his shoulders drew the languid hands,
And rising bore him thro' the place of tombs.
But, as he walk'd, King Arthur panted hard,
Like one that feels a nightmare on his bed
When all the house is mute. So sigh'd the King,
Muttering and murmuring at his ear 'Quick, quick!
I fear it is too late, and I shall die.'
But the other swiftly strode from ridge to ridge,
Clothed with his breath, and looking, as he walk'd,
Larger than human on the frozen hills.
He heard the deep behind him, and a cry
Before. His own thought drove him like a goad.
Dry clash'd his harness in the icy caves
And barren chasms, and all to left and right
The bare black cliff clang'd round him, as he based
His feet on juts of slippery crag that rang
Sharp-smitten with the dint of armed heels—
And on a sudden, lo! the level lake,
And the long glories of the winter moon.
Then saw they how there hove a dusky barge,
Dark as a funeral scarf from stem to stern,
Beneath them; and descending they were ware
That all the decks were dense with stately forms
Black-stoled, black-hooded, like a dream—by these
Three Queens with crowns of gold—and from them rose
A cry that shiver'd to the tingling stars,
And, as it were one voice, an agony
Of lamentation, like a wind, that shrills
All night in a waste land, where no one comes,
Or hath come, since the making of the world.

Then murmur'd Arthur, 'Place me in the barge,'
And to the barge they came. There those three Queens
Put forth their hands, and took the King, and wept.
But she, that rose the tallest of them all
And fairest, laid his head upon her lap,
And loosed the shatter'd casque, and chafed his hands,
And call'd him by his name, complaining loud,
And dropping bitter tears against his brow
Striped with dark blood: for all his face was white
And colourless, and like the wither'd moon
Smote by the fresh beam of the springing east;
And all his greaves and cuisses dash'd with drops
Of onset; and the light and lustrous curls—
That made his forehead like a rising sun
High from the däis-throne—were parch'd with dust;
Or, clotted into points and hanging loose,
Mix'd with the knightly growth that fringed his lips.
So like a shatter'd column lay the King;
Not like that Arthur who, with lance in rest,
From spur to plume a star of tournament,
Shot thro' the lists at Camelot, and charged
Before the eyes of ladies and of kings.
Then loudly cried the bold Sir Bedivere,
'Ah! my Lord Arthur, whither shall I go?
Where shall I hide my forehead and my eyes?
For now I see the true old times are dead,
When every morning brought a noble chance,
And every chance brought out a noble knight.
Such times have been not since the light that led
The holy Elders with the gift of myrrh.
But now the whole ROUND TABLE is dissolved
Which was an image of the mighty world;
And I, the last, go forth companionless,
And the days darken round me, and the years,
Among new men, strange faces, other minds.'
And slowly answer'd Arthur from the barge:
'The old order changeth, yielding place to new,
And God fulfils himself in many ways,
Lest one good custom should corrupt the world.

Comfort thyself: what comfort is in me?
I have lived my life, and that which I have done
May He within himself make pure! but thou,
If thou shouldst never see my face again,
Pray for my soul. More things are wrought by prayer
Than this world dreams of. Wherefore, let thy voice
Rise like a fountain for me night and day.
For what are men better than sheep or goats
That nourish a blind life within the brain,
If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer
Both for themselves and those who call them friend?
For so the whole round earth is every way
Bound by gold chains about the feet of God.
But now farewell. I am going a long way
With these thou seëst—if indeed I go—
(For all my mind is clouded with a doubt)
To the island-valley of Avilion;
Where falls not hail, or rain, or any snow,
Nor ever wind blows loudly; but it lies
Deep-meadow'd, happy, fair with orchard-lawns
And bowery hollows crown'd with summer sea,
Where I will heal me of my grievous wound.'
So said he, and the barge with oar and sail
Moved from the brink, like some full-breasted swan
That, fluting a wild carol ere her death,
Ruffles her pure cold plume, and takes the flood
With swarthy webs. Long stood Sir Bedivere
Revolving many memories, till the hull
Look'd one black dot against the verge of dawn,
And on the mere the wailing died away.

NOTES.

PART I.

1. *Flower-plots*] i. e. flower-beds. A *plot* = a small extent of ground planted with flowers, grain, or grass.

'It was a chosen *plot* of fertile land.'

Spenser.

5. *Sheds.*] i. e. small outbuildings, generally roofed with thatch and without walls, being supported by posts at the four corners. Principally used for the purpose of sheltering cattle or agricultural implements.

8. *Moated grange.*] A *grange* is defined as a farm, with its stables and other buildings. A *moated grange* = a grange surrounded by a moat, i. e. a trench, either empty or filled with water, as a castle-*moat*, &c.

13. *Even*] = eve; evening; eventide. (*see* 16.)

18. *Trance*] = to pass over or across.

20. *Athwart*] = across; from side to side of.

—*Glooming flats.*] i. e. the gloaming or twilight plains.

28. *Low.*] i. e. the bellowing cry of cattle.

37. *About a stone cast.*] i. e. about the distance a stone can be thrown by the hand.

38. *Sluice*] = a small stream or pool.

40. *Marish-mosses.*] i. e. marsh-mosses; water weeds.

41. *Alway.*] The same as *always.*

42. *Gnarled*] = Knotty; full of knots.

'The unwedgeable and *gnarled* oak.'

Shakspere.

44. *The rounding gray.*] *Rounding* — round or roundish: gradually growing round to the eye. *Gray* is here used as a substantive to signify the peculiar appearance of the dull monotonous plains: so we employ 'the *dark*' in the same manner.

63. *The pane.*] i. e. the window-pane.

64. *Wainscot.*] i. e. the wooden lining or boarding of the walls of an apartment, made in panels, and formerly used in place of paper.

65. *Peer'd about.*] i. e. peeped in and out.

75. *Aloof*] ≡ at a short distance; apart.

'Our palace stood *aloof* from the streets.'

Dryden.

78. *Thick-moted*] ≡ thickly moted; filled with motes, or specks of dust.

79. *Athwart.*] see Note 20.

88. *Sail.*] i. e. the windmill sail.

90. *Wits.*] ≡ senses.

92. *Click the latch.*] To *click* = to make a small sharp noise. The *latch* here means the iron handle of the milk-pail.

95. *Roundelay.*] A simple rural strain which is short and lively.

101. *Dower'd*] = gifted; endowed.

— *The hate of hate* &c.] i. e. the supreme, intensest hate; as, '*la crême de la crême.*'

111. *Like Indian reeds &c.*] An allusion to the Indian practice of shooting game by blowing poisoned arrows through a tube.

113. *They sung.*] i. e. the arrows of his thoughts. (line 109.)

119. *Anew*] = again; afresh.

123. *Bravely.*] i. e. finely; gorgeously; splendidly. In this sense the word is almost obsolete.

'And she decked herself *bravely* to allure the eyes of all men who should see her.'

Judith X, 4.

127. *So.*] i. e. thus: in like manner.

—*Gird their orbs with beams.*] i. e. encircle themselves with light.

134. *Rare*] = super-excellent; beautiful to a unusual degree.

'A *rare* and radiant maiden. *Poe.*

135. *August*] = majestic; solemn; sublime. The accent in this sense of the word is on the last syllable.

149. *Riving*] = rending asunder; splitting; cleaving.

173. *The mew.*] i. e. the sea-mew (genus *Larus*); the gull.

177. *Carol.*] A *carol* is a song of praise or rejoicing; hence to *carol* = to sing joyfully.

178. *The spangle*] = anything that sparkes by reflection in the light; anything small and brilliant.

'The rich *spangles* that adorn the sky.'

Waller.

181. *Lives in &c.*] i. e. is reflected in the wet shining sand.

184. *Cove and cave.*] *cove* = a small inlet, creek, or bay; a recess in the sea-shore. *Cave* = a hollow place in the earth; a subterraneous cavity; a cavern.

194. *Light.*] i. e. alight; land.

214. *Marish*] = marsh. Cf. Note 40.

216. *Shot over with.*] i. e. variegated with; sprinkled with.

222. *Coronach.*] i. e. a funeral dirge or lamentation for the dead.

228. *Shawms and cymbals.*] *Shawm* (written also *shalm*), an ancient wind instrument, supposed by some to have had the form of the modern clarionet; by others, of the hautboy. *Cymbal* = a musical instrument of brass of a circular form, the sound of which is produced by two being struck sharply together.

233. *Hoar and dank.*] *Hoar* = white, grayish-white; as *hoar*-frost. *Dank* = damp; moist; wet.

234. *Soughing*] = sighing; murmuring.

'The solemn *sough* of the forest.' *W. Howitt.*

235. *Horns.*] Here = projections; extremities.

242. *Cassia.*] A species of *Laurus*, the bark of which has an aromatic taste like that of cinnamon.

246. *Vans*] = wings; so Milton *(Par. Lost. II, 927)* has 'sail-broad *vans*.' The word is from the Latin *vannus;* French *van*.

'His *vans* no longer could his flight sustain.'

Dryden.

256. *Wold*] = a plain or open country; a country without wood, whether hilly or not.

263. *Willows whiten.*] i. e. the leaves turn their seamy or white sides to the wind.

264. *Dusk.*] As an intransitive verb *dusk* (= to make dusky) is generally regarded as obsolete.

'The shadow which *dusketh* the light of the moon.'

Holland.

270. *Imbowers.*] i. e. encloses, as in a bower.

275. *Shallop.*] i. e. a sort of light boat, usually with two masts and rigged schooner-wise.

305. *Churls.*] (Anglo-Saxon *ceorl*, a freeman of the lowest rank) = rustics; countrymen; labourers.

'One of the baser sort, which they call *churls*.'

Spenser.

309. *Pad.*] i. e. an easy-paced horse.

326. *A bow shot.*] i. e. the distance to which a bolt or arrow may be shot from a bow. Cf. Note 37.

329. *Greaves*] = armour for the legs; a sort of boots.

335. *Gemmy*] = covered, adorned with gems.

337. *The Galaxy.*] i. e. the Milky-Way.

340. *Baldric.* 'A girdle, or richly ornamented belt, worn pendent from one shoulder across the breast, and under the opposite arm.' *Webster.*

354. *Hooves.*] The plural of hoof, but *hoofs* is the ordinary form.

—*Trode.*] An almost obsolete imperfect of *tread*, *trod* being the modern form.

378. *The prow.*] i. e. the bows or fore part of the boat.

381. *Seer*] = a person who foresees events; a prophet.

412. *Wharfs*] = perpendicular banks or mounds of timber, stone, or earth, projecting into the water for the convenience of lading and unlading vessels.

418. *Cheer*] = a state of gaiety, mirth, or festivity.

423. *Grace*] = mercy.

426. *Portly*] = bulky; corpulent.

430. *Drily.*] i. e. shrewdly; keenly.

443. *Amiss*] = wrong; faulty; out of order.

444. *Unriddled*] = solved; explained.

448. *The self-same.*] i. e. exactly the same; the very same; identical.

'His servant was healed in the *self-same* hour.'

Matt. VIII. 13.

458. *Late-left*] = lately, recently left.

464. *Matin song.*] i. e. morning song.

468. *Motion.*] i. e. movement of the mind; will; desires; passions.

'There is a fire
And *motion* of the soul which will not dwell
In its own narrow being.'

Byron.

474. *The milldam.*] i. e. the mill-stream.

475. *Minnows.*] Very small fresh-water fish, the English species of which is the genus *Cyprinus* of Linnæus. The term *minnow* is sometimes alse applied to the young of larger fish.

485. *The breezy blue.*] i. e. the blue sky.

486. *Absent.*] here = abstracted; preoccupied; heedless.

490. *Measured*] = regulated; uniform; steady.

501. *Reflex.*] The same as *reflection* (rare.)

'Yon grey is not the morning's eye;
'Tis but the pale *reflex* of Cynthia's brow.'

Shakspere.

504. *Beck.*] i. e. a small brook.

508. *The ledge.*] i. e. the ledge of the window; the window-sill.

515. *Possessed.*] Here = entered into and influenced; controlled; as 'one *possessed* of a devil.'

517. *What ails &c.*] (Anglo-Saxon *egla*, *eglja*, *êla*, *aglja*, to feel pain, to trouble) = what is the matter, &c.? what affects or troubles, &c.? This word is never used to indicate any specific disease: we do not say, a fever *ails* him, but something *ails* him.

523. *The dam.*] Here, the frame or barrier of timber in the mill-stream designed to regulate or check the flow of water.

529. *Wold.*] Cf. Note 256.

531. *Crescent.*] i. e. the moon, in her first quarter.

540. *By fits*] = by intervals of action and repose; impulsively and irregularly.

570. *Ill at ease*] = dissatisfied; troubled; constrained.

579. *At large.*] i. e. without restraint or confinement; freely; generally; as, to go *at large;* to be left *at large.*

611. *Spells.*] Here = tells (Anglo-Saxon *spellian,* to relate, narrate.)

615. *In truth*] = In reality; in fact.

616. *Rage*] = passion; emotion; desire; as, the *rage* for writing; the *rage* of hunger; &c.

630. *Chance.*] This has here the meaning of any event which happens without assigned cause and without having been foreseen.

'I spake of most disastrous *chances.*'

Shakspere.

633. *Jar and fret*] = dispute and worry.

648. *When time was ripe.*] i. e. was ready, matured.

667. *Fires.*] i. e. illumined as with fire.

671. *Ida.*] A mountain near Troy, the scene of 'the Judgment of Paris.

673. *Athwart.*] Cf. Note 20.

680. *Takes the morning.*] i. e. catches the morning light.

683. *Troas and Ilion.*] *Troas* was a country of Phrygia, in Asia Minor, of which Troy was the capital. *Ilion,* or *Ilium* was the name of the citadel of Troy—a name which was afterward extended to the city itself.

698. *Cicala.*] The same as *cicada:* an insect of the order Hemiptera—called also *locust.*

703. *All aweary.*] i. e. altogether weary; wholly weary.

707. *That house*] = that harbor; shelter.

'Palladius wished him to *house* all the Helots.'

Sidney.

710. *As yonder walls.*] i. e. the walls of Troy.

722. *Simois.*] A river of Troas, between which and the river Scamander Troy is supposed to have been situated.

726.] *Virgin*] = pure; unsullied.

731. *Foam-bow.*] i. e. the bow-shaped line of foam left by the waves.

736. *Hesperian gold.*] The *Hesperides* were the daughters of Hesperus, brother of Atlas, and had orchards in Africa producing golden fruit.

737. *Ambrosially.*] *Ambrosia* was the fabled food of the

gods, and hence the adverb signifies anything exquisite and delicious.

'*Ambrosial* fragrance.'

Milton.

744. *As lovelier.*] i. e. as being lovelier.

—*Oread.*] i. e. a mountain nymph.

745. *Knolls*] = the minor peaks and elevations of a mountain.

751. *Peleus.*] A king of Thessaly, who married the sea-goddess Thetis. He was the only mortal that ever married an immortal.

753. *Iris.*] The messenger of Juno, changed into the rainbow.

—*Yester-eve.*] i. e. yesterday evening.

754. *By common voice*] = by general consent; by unanimous decision.

755. *Herè.*] The Greek name of Juno, the queen of the gods and goddesses.

756. *Pallas.*] The Greek name of Minerva, the goddess of wisdom.

—*Aphrodite.*] The Greek name of Venus, the goddess of love.

757. *Meed.*] i. e. that which is bestowed in consideration of merit; reward; recompense.

'Peace to the perished! may the warrior's *meed*
And tears of triumph their reward prolong.'

Byron.

766. *Brake*] = broke; broke out; blossomed.

767. *Amaracus.*] i. e. marjoram (origanum majorana,) the well-known plant.

—*Asphodel.*] A perennial plant of the genus *Asphodelus,* cultivated for the beauty of its flowers.

771. *Ran riot.*] i. e. ran in a riotous or wild and disorderly manner.

—*Gnarled.*] Cf. Note 42.

774. *Lit.*] i. e. alighted. Cf. Note 194.

777. *Of her.*] i. e. Juno.

779. *With one mind.*] i. e. with general consent. Cf. Note 755.

799. *Seeing men.*] i. e. seeing that men; since men, &c.

809. *O'erthwarted with*] = laid across with.

820. *In the scorn of*] = in despite of; notwithstanding.

823. *Sequel of guerdon.*] i. e. the result of the reward; the way in which the prize is decided.

829. *Unbiass'd by*] = unprejudiced by; free from; unaffected by.

844. *Idalian.*] Cf. Note 671.

845. *Paphian.*] Paphos, a town of Cyprus, from which Venus was called the *Paphian* as well as the Cyprian goddess.

848. *Ambrosial.*] Cf. Note 738.

869. *Pard.*] i. e. the leopard. In poetry this word is used to indicate any spotted beast.

'A match for *pards* in flight.'

Shakspere.

882. *Foster 'd*] = sheltered; protected.

—*The callow eaglet.*] i. e. the unfledged eagle.

895. *Peleïan.*] Cf. Note 752.

896. *The board.*] i. e. the banquet-table.

918. *The issue.*] i. e. the intent; the meaning.

933. *Cassandra.*] A daughter of Priam and Hecuba, who predicted the burning of Troy, but who was never credited.

949. *Mate*] = match; equal.

953. *In her flower.*] i. e. in the flower of her youth.

954. *Coats-of-arms*] = armorial devices, formerly embroidered on the breast or back of a knight's coat.

973. *Her kind* = class; station; quality.

'She follows the law of her *kind*.'

Wordsworth.

986. *With your noble birth.*] i. e. with the plea, pretext of your noble birth.

989. *The grand old gardener and his wife.*] i. e. Adam and Eve.

1001. *Deal*] = to act with regard to; to treat; to use.

'Return, and I will *deal* well with thee.'

Gen. XXXII, 9.

—*You know so ill.*] i. e. you so ill know; you so little know.

1002. *You needs must*] = you of necessity must; it is necessary that you should.

PART II.

2. *To-morrow 'ill.*] A contraction for 'to-morrow will'.

4. *Queen o' the May.*] In England the first of May was formerly signalized by many rural ceremonies, the principal of which was the selection and crowning of a May Queen, this dignity being customarily awarded to the prettiest girl in the district.

11. *Knots*] = clusters; bunches.

25. *The green.*] i. e. the village-green. In most of the villages of England is a plain or plat of grass whereon the village children play and the village gossips congregate at evening. It is, too, the scene of all rustic festivities and rejoicings on high days and holidays, and is familiarly known as 'the green.'

29. *Honeysuckle.*] The *Lonicera periclymenum* or English woodbine: called by Milton 'the twisted eglantine'. It grows both wild and in gardens, and bears clusters of fragrant yellow flowers.

30. *Cuckoo-flowers.*] A species of *Cardamine*, or 'lady's-smock', the leaves of which were formerly much used in salads.

31. *Marsh-marigold.*] A yellow flowering plant of the genus *calendula palustris*, commonly known as the cowslip.

35. *Live-long.*] i. e. long in passing.

'How could she sit the *livelong* day,
Yet never ask us once to play?'

Swift.

38. *Cowslip.*] Cf. Note 31.

—*Crowfoot.*] The genus *Ranunculus*, of many species, some of which are common weeds, others flowering plants of considerable beauty.

52. *Blackthorn.*] The *Primus spinosa*; which grows ten or twelve feet high, very branchy, and armed with sharp short spines.

54. *Hawthorn.*] The *Cratægus Oxyancatha;* a shrub or tree much used in English hedges, and having a small berry called *haw*.

'And every shepherd tells his tale
Under the *hawthorn* in the dale.'

Milton.

56. *Charles's Wain.*] The cluster of seven stars, commonly called the *Dipper*, in the constellation *Ursa Major*, or the *Great Bear*.

57. *The pane.*] i. e. the window-pane.

58. *Snowdrops.*] A bulbous plant bearing white flowers, which often appear while the snow is on the ground.

62. *Fallow lea.*] i. e. waste, uncultivated land.

65. *The chancel-casement*] = the window of the chancel, i. e. that enclosed part of the church where the altar is placed.

71. *Wold.*] Cf. Part I, 256.

72. *Oat-grass.*] A species of high grass common in the sterile soils of the United States, and growing also in England.

—*Sword-grass.*] A kind of sedge; a species of *Acorus*.

—*Bulrush.*] A large tufted kind of rush, growing in wet land or water.

74. *Hawthorn.*] Cf. Note 54.

110. *There.*] i. e. in Heaven.

117. *The dog howl &c.*] It is a common superstition that the howling of a dog beneath a sick person's window is heard on the night of his death. The *death-watch* is a small beetle whose ticking sound on the walls of the sick-room (which in reality is the call of the male for its mate) is also supposed to prognosticate some one's death.

152. *Ado*] = trouble; labour; difficulty; as, 'Much *Ado* about Nothing'.

157. *Blown roses.*] i. e. fully expanded roses.

160. *A pass.*] i. e. a passage, generally narrow and difficult; between mountains.

167. *Poppy.*] A plant of the genus *Papaver*, of which there are many species. From the *Papaver somniferum*, or white poppy, opium is collected.

172. *Sun-steep'd.*] i. e. soaked or imbued with sunlight bathed or completely covered.

'My sense in Lethe *steep*.'

Shakspere.

176. *Over-mellow*] = too ripe.

186. *Myrrh-bush.*] A shrub growing chiefly in Arabia and Abyssinia, the gum of which is used for its odour and medicinal properties.

188. *Lotus.*] A genus of leguminous plants, the name of which was applied to an Egyptian plant (the Water-lily of the Nile), and to the several species of the genus *lotus*.

201. *Chaucer.*] i. e. Geoffrey Chaucer, supposed to have been born in the year 1328 and regarded as 'the Father of English poetry.'

208. *Brimful.*] i. e. full to the brim; to the very edge.

217. *Flints.*] i. e. the flint-covered roads or streets.

222. *Pinnacle and parapet.*] A *pinnacle* is a slender turret, or part of a building elevated above the main building. A *parapet* is a wall or rampart breast high, erected about fortified places for purposes of defence.

223. *The tortoise.*] A form of defence or attack used by the ancients, and made by the troops arranging themselves in close order and placing their bucklers over their heads, forming a cover resembling a tortoise-shell.

224. *In ambush.*] To be *in ambush* = to lie in wait, for the purpose of attacking an enemy by surprise; to be in a concealed station.

229. *Squadrons and Squares.*] A *squadron* = a body of cavalry consisting of two companies or troops, averaging from 150 to 200 men. A *Square*, in military language, is a square body of troops used to resist the charge of cavalry on critical occasions.

—*Brazen plates.*] i. e. armour.

232. *Seraglio.*] The palace of the grand seignior, or Turkish sultan, inhabited by the sultan himself, and all the officers and dependents of his court. In it are also confined the females of the harem, and hence the word is frequently used to signify a harem.

234. *Self-same.*] Cf. Part I, 448.

242. *Saddle-bow.*] i. e. the bow or arch in front of a saddle.

243. *Leaguer'd.*] or *beleaguered* = besieged.

253. *Elmtree-boles.*] i. e. the bodies or stems of the elmtrees.

254. *Brushwood.*] i. e. the thicket of small shrubs and plants.

255. *Fledged*] = clothed; covered.

265. *Jasmine.*] A creeper or climbing plant of the genus *Jasminum,* bearing small white flowers of a peculiarly fragrant odour.

267. *Lush.*] (Probably an abbreviation of *lushious* or *luscious*) = full of juice or succulence.

'The year grows *lush* in juicy stalks.'

Keats.

268. *Anemone.*] A genus of plants of the *Ranunculus* or crowfoot family; sometimes called the wind-flower.

283. *A daughter of the gods, &c.*] i. e. Helen of Troy.

293. *In fair field.*] i. e. in open combat; in free fight.

296. *To one &c.*] i. e. Iphigenia, the daughter of Agamemnon, sacrificed at Aulis to procure a favourable wind for the Grecian fleet.

297. *Averse*] = turned away; averted:—in this sense now considered obsolete.

'The tracks *averse* a lying notice gave.'

Dryden.

311. *The bright death.*] i. e. the sacrificial knife.

313. *Downward*] = downcast.

321. *A rise*] = An acclivity; a steep; a slope.

323. *A queen, &c.*] i. e. Cleopatra, queen of Egypt.

328. *Like the moon.*] An allusion to the influence of the moon on the tides.

333. *Chafes*] = excites; heats; frets.

'Take no care
Who *chafes*, who frets.'

Shakspere.

335. *Prythee.*] A contraction of '*I pray thee*'.

342. *Canopus.*] A city of Egypt near one of the mouths of the Nile.

343. *Dalliance.*] i. e. the act of dallying, trifling, or fondling; interchange of caresses; sportiveness.

'Look thou be true, do not give *dalliance*
Too much the rein'.

Shakspere.

345. *Alarms.*] i. e. summons to arms.

350. *Brook*] = bear; endure; rest contented with.

351. *Of the other.*] i. e. Octavius Cæsar.

352. *What else was left?*] i. e. what else was left to do? what could be done otherwise?

354. *Argent.*] According to heraldry *argent* is the white colour in coats of arms intended to represent silver, or, figuratively, purity, innocence, beauty, or gentleness.

356. *Aspick.*] i. e. the asp—a small hooded poisonous snake of Egypt and Libya, whose bite is fatal.

'This is an *aspic's* trail: and these fig-leaves
Have slime upon them, such as the *aspic* leaves
Upon the caves of Nile.'

Shakspere.

385. *Laves*] = bathes; covers.

391. *Of her that died &c.*] i. e. the daughter of Jeptha. *Judges* XI.

396. *Timbrel.*] An instrument of music: a kind of drum, tabor, or tabret, which has been in use from the highest antiquity.

'And Miriam ..... took a *timbrel* in her hand, and all the women went out after her with *timbrels* and with dances.'

Ex. XV. 20.

397. *The count*] = the account; number; record.

—*Hip and thigh.*] To hew or smite *hip and thigh* is an old Biblical phrase meaning to overthrow completely; to defeat utterly.

439. *Thridding*] = sliding, slipping, or running through; threading.

'And now he *thrids* the bramble-bush'.

Drake.

—*Boskage.*] or *boscage* = wood; underwood; a thicket, or thick foliage.

447. *I am &c.*] i. e. Fair Rosamond, the mistress of Henry II. of England, by whose wife Queen Eleanor she was poisoned.

459. *The captain of my dreams.*] i. e. the sun.

465. *Of her, who knew &c.*] i. e. Eleanor, queen of Edward I of England.

471. *That glimpses.*] i. e. that appears by glimpses; that glimmers, gleams, glints.

510. *I've half a mind*] = I'm half determined; almost resolved.

513. *Quips*] = smart sarcastic sayings.

'*Quips* and cranks and wanton wiles'.

Milton.

515. *His son and heir.*] i. e. the New Year.

—*Post-haste*] = with speed or expedition, as one who travels by means of relays of post-horses.

524. *The cricket.*] An insect of the genus *Gryllus*, characterized by its cheerful chirping note.

527. *Rue*] = to have compassion; to sorrow. (Rare.)

'Which stirred men's hearts to *rue* upon them.'

Ridley.

539. *Coot and hern.*] *Coot*, a water-fowl of the genus *Fulica*, frequenting lakes and other still waters. *Hern*, or *Heron*, a wading bird of the genus *Ardea*.

540. *Sally.*] i. e. a rushing or bursting forth; a quick issue.

542. *Bicker*] = to move quickly; to quiver.

'They *bickered* through the sunny shade.'

Thomson.

545. *Thorps*] = small villages; hamlets.

'Within a little *thorp* I staid at last.'

Fairfax.

552. *Sharps and trebles.*] Musical notes of a high acute character.

555. *Fret*] = wear away; impair.

556. *Fallow.*] Cf. Note 62.

557. *Foreland.*] A point of land extending from the shore; a promontory or cape; a headland. The adjective *fairy* is here used to signify small, delicate, beautiful.

558. *Willow-weed.*] A weed growing on wet light lands; a species of *Lysimachia*.

—*Mallow.*] A plant of the genus *Malva*, with soft downy leaves, and fruit in the form of a depressed disk.

565. *Trout—grayling.*] Fresh-water fish of a species allied to each other and found principally in streams and clear running water.

569. *Waterbreak*] = a breakwater i. e. a natural or artificial obstruction in the course of a river or stream, as a mound of earth or barrier of wood.

575. *Plots.*] A *plot* = a small extent of ground.

'It was a chosen *plot* of fertile land.'

Spenser.

576. *Covers*] = the woods, underbrush &c. which shelter game.

577. *Forget-me-nots.*] A small herb of the genus *Myosotis*, bearing a beautiful little blue flower, and generally considered the emblem of fidelity.

579. *Gloom*] = render gloomy or dark; darken.

'A black yew *gloomed* the stagnant air.'

Tennyson.

581. *Netted.*] i. e. like a net or net-work.

585. *Bars.*] i. e. banks of sand, gravel, &c. forming a shoal in a stream, river, or sea.

586. *Cresses.*] A plant of various species, chiefly of the family of *Crucifera*, used as salad &c.

591. *The morning.*] i. e. the anniversary of the morning.

597. *Sat for Hercules.*) i. e. sat as a model for Hercules.

599. *Holds.*] i. e. that holds good in love; that is received or accepted in love.

601. *A certain miracle.*] *Certain* used in this way has the meaning of *indeterminate*, or *not specifically named*. It is some-

times also employed independently as a noun, then meaning *certain persons*, as frequently throughout the new Testament.

605. *Careless.*] Here = not receiving care; uncared for. (Rare.)

'Their many wounds and *careless* harms.'

Spenser.

617. *Pansies.*] A plant and flower of the genus Viola; the *Viola Tricolor*, or garden violet; called also *heart's-ease.*

618. *The front*] = the forehead; brow.

'The *front* of Jove himself.'

Shakspere.

622. *On the spur.*] i. e. on the spur of the moment; on the sudden impulse, incitement, or instigation.

631. *Pulses*] = pulsation; any measured or regular beat.

'The measured *pulse* of racing oars.'

Tennyson.

636. *Kine.*] The plural of *cow*, but *cows* is more generally used.

645. *The common mouth.*] i. e. the general, universal mouth.

655. *Winged seeds.*] i. e. seeds that are borne along on the wind as though having wings.

658. *Fitful blasts.*] i. e. stray, passing breaths.

661. *Upon them.*] i. e. upon 'vague desires'. (line 658.)

675. *Steer*] = the young male of the ox tribe—especially a male between two and four years old.

678. *Fellows.*] i. e. equals; companions; mates.

'It is impossible that ever Rome
Should breed thy *fellow.*'

Shakspere.

684. *Onzel.*] A bird of the genus *Hydrobata;* the water-onzel, or dipper, *Hydrobata aquatica.*

685. *Redcap.*] A species of *goldfinch*, having the top of the head of a red colour.

699. *Courted*] = invited.

700. *Wicket*] = a small gate or gateway; a narrow opening or entry.

—*Privet.*] A small-leaved ornamental shrub, called also *Prim*, and much used in hedges in England.

701. *Gave into*] = opened into; looked into; as, the window *gave* into the street. (A Gallicism.)

702. *Lilac-ambush.*] i. e. an ambush, or a thicket suited for an ambush, composed of lilac-bushes.

709. *Keeps the house*] = Keeps in the house; remains within doors; as a person is said to *keep* his bed.

716. *Gown'd.*] i. e. clothed; clad.

724. *Into greener circles.*] An allusion to the superstition that the grass grows greener where the feet of fairies have been dancing.

726. *The full day.*] i. e. the full daylight.

727. *Hebe-bloom.*] i. e. a bloom like that of Hebe, the goddess of youth.

729. *Wave.*] here = curve; contour; outline.

732. *So rapt.*] i. e. rapt; absorbed in admiration.

734. *Tendance*] = attendance (Rare.)

'The breath
Of her sweet *tendance* hovering over him.'

Tennyson.

757. *Livelong.*] Cf. Part I, 35.

758. *Gibe*] = scoff; railing.

761. *The Titianic Flora.*] i. e. the 'Flora' — a celebrated painting of Titian, the greatest painter of the Venetian school, who died of the plague at Venice in 1576.

772. *The watchman &c.*] In reference to the now obsolete custom with watchmen of proclaiming the hours of the night and the state of the weather.

774. *Knolling*] = sounding, as a bell.

'For a departed being's soul
The death-hymn peals, and the hollow bells *knoll.*'

Byron.

782. *A Dutch love, &c.*] i. e. a love such as the Dutch have for tulips—their favorite and most carefully cultivated flowers.

785. *The weeping elm.*] i. e. an elm with drooping branches like the weeping-willow.

790. *The daughters.*] i. e. the four seasons.

797. *An hour.*] i. e. his marriage hour.

799. *To hold*] = to continue; to sustain.

811. *Play'd*] = trifled.

830. *Circumstantial grades*] = minute gradations; gradual phases.

850. *Tranced*] = entranced.

851. *Fairy fleeces.*] i. e. small fairy-like clouds.

853. *Glooming.*] i. e. twilight; the gloaming.

'When the faint *glooming* in the sky,
First lightened into day.'

Trench.

PART III.

1. *Abode.*] The past participle of *abide* (formerly *abid*). Anglo-Saxon *abidan*, *bidan* = to take up one's abode; to stay; to dwell.

13. *A match.*] i. e. a matrimonial match; a union; a marriage.

'Love doth seldom suffer itself to be confined by any other *matches* than those of its own making.'

Boyle.

14. *Well to look to.*] i. e. well-looking; of good appearance; so the expressions, 'fair to see'; 'comely to view'; &c.

17. *Hard words.*] i. e. words of anger and dispute.

21. *Answer'd short*] = answered abruptly, briefly, petulantly.

30. *Pack*] = depart in haste; depart without warning; generally with *off* or *away*.

'Poor Stella must *pack* off to town.'

Swift.

43. *Change a word*] = exchange a word; converse with her; speak to her.

57. *Hard things*] = harsh, unjust things.

66. *In my uncle's eye.*] i. e. where my uncle's eye shall see him.

72. *Unsown.*] i. e. unsown with wheat.

83. *In her uncle's eye.*] i. e. in her uncle's sight, opinion, judgment.

'*In my eye*, she is the sweetest lady that ever I looked on.'

Shakspere.

92. *Do with me*] = act toward me; treat me.

129. *Off the latch*] = unlatched; unfastened; so, 'on the jar' = ajar; slightly open.

140. *A-begging.*] The use of the letter *a* as a prefix to participles or participial nouns is variously a contraction of the prepositions *on, in, at, of, to, for;* as, a-hunting; a-quarrelling; a-laughing; a-crying; &c. and thus *a-begging* means *in the act or position of begging.* In modern English, however, this prefix is generally omitted as superfluous, being only occasionally introduced in poetry or poetical language.

145. *Rue*] = repent; regret.

'I wept to see, and *rued* it from my heart.'

Chapman.

147. *To cross*] = to run counter to; to thwart.

'In each thing give way, *cross* him in nothing.'

Shakspere.

150. *Pass'd*] = passed from life; deceased; died; cf. 'The *passing* of Arthur', Tennyson's 'Idylls.'

172. *It little profits.*] i. e. it is but little use; it is of but slight benefit.

'Riches *profit* not in the day of judgment.'

Prov. XI, 4.

174. *Mete and dole.*] i. e. measure and deal or distribute.

178. *To the lees.*] The *lees* are the coarser parts of a liquor which settle at the bottom; the sediment; dregs; hence, *to the lees* = to the last; to the very end.

181. *The rainy Hyades.*] A cluster of five stars in the constellation *Taurus*, supposed by the ancients to indicate the approach of rainy weather when they rose with the sun.

187. *Peers*] = contemporaries; comrades; associates.

'He all his *peers* in beauty did surpass.

Spenser.

188. *Ringing*] = sounding; echoing.

206. *Discerning to fulfil.*] i. e. discerning how to fulfil.

213. *Meet*] = fit; suitable; becoming.

'Bring forth, therefore, fruits *meet* for repentance.'

Matt. III. 8.

230. *Smite.*] i. e. with the oars.

231. *Furrows.*] i. e. the hollows between the waves, like the furrows of ploughed land.

—*Holds*] = holds good; keeps up; cf. Part II, 599.

'Seed-time and harvest, heat and hoary frost,
Shall *hold* their course.'

Milton.

232. *Baths.*] Used figuratively to express the quarter in which the stars set.

240. *Temper.*] i. e. temperament; quality.

243. *A little.*] i. e. a little time.

244. *Curlews.*] An aquatic wading bird of the genus *Numenius*, which frequents the sea-shore in Winter, and in Summer retires to the mountains.

247. *Ocean-ridges.*] i. e. the crests or tops of the waves, like the ridges of ploughed land. Cf. Note 230.

259. *Lapwing.*] A wading bird of the plover family.

260. *Iris.*] i. e. the coloured ring which surrounds the pupil of the eye.

265. *Sets*] = turns; is directed, inclines.

284. *To decline*] = to lean downward; to bend downward; as from weakness, weariness, despondency &c.

'Disdaining to *decline*, slowly he falls.'

Byron.

290. *Hold*] = consider; regard; esteem.

'I shall never *hold* that man my friend.'

Shakspere.

294. *Overwrought*] = over-worked i. e. has laboured to excess.

301. *Warp us*] = turn us aside; cause us to bend or incline; pervert us.

'This first avowed, nor folly *warped* my mind.'

Dryden.

309. *Crow .... rookery.*] *Crow* is here regarded as being the same as *rook*, but although both are of the genus *Corvus*, there is an ornithological distinction between them.

317. *Crown.*] Here = summit; excess; consummation. This line is of a very general popularity, even among the non-readers of Tennyson. The idea, however, is said to have been borrowed from a passage of Dante.

'Nessun maggior dolore
Che ricordarsi del tempo felice
Nella miseria.'

325. *The ringing of thine ears.*] i. e. the curious far off singing sound that sometimes seems to confuse the sense of hearing—ceasing as abruptly and unaccountably as it begins.

359. *But earnest.*] i. e. but an assurance; merely a token.

'And weary-hours of woe and pain
Are *earnests* of serener years.'

Bryant.

362. *Argosies.*] (Latin *argis*, a ship, so called from *Argo*, the vessel in which the Argonauts sailed in search of the Golden Fleece) = any large ship, either for merchandise or war.

371. *Lapt*] = infolded; involved.

'He *lappeth* all things in love.'

Latimer.

374. *Out of joint*] =out of place, as when the head of a bone slips from its socket; disordered; confused.

379. *Process*] = proceeding; progress; advance.

388. *To harp*] = to dwell tediously or monotonously in speaking or writing: to speak or write repeatedly with slight variations.

'Making infinite merriment by *harpings* on old themes.'

Dr. Irving.

389. *Slight*] = simple; weak; foolish.

391. *Motions.*] i. e. movement of the mind, will, desires, or passions; internal activity.

'There is a fire
And *motion* of the soul which will not dwell
In its own narrow limit.'

Byron.

392. *Match'd*] = compared.

395. *Orient.*] i. e. the East — hence, the countries of Asia, the early seat of civilization.

396. *Mahratta.*] The *Mahrattas* were formerly a fierce and powerful tribe of Northern India, with whom the British troops had many severe encounters before they finally succumbed.

—*Evil-starr'd*] = fated to be unfortunate; born beneath an unlucky star.

397. *Ward.*] i. e. a minor or person under the care of a guardian; as, a *ward* in chancery.

401. *Knots.*] i. e. peculiar and intricate figures in which flower-beds were formerly shaped.

'Her fruit-trees all unpruned, her hedges ruined,
Her *knots* disordered.'

Rich. II. Act. III, 4.

403. *The trailer.*] i. e. the trailing plant.

405. *Spheres*] = spaces; expanses.

412. *Whistle back.*] i. e. echo; imitate.

415. *Count*] = account; consider; esteem. Cf. Part II, 397.

419. *Files*]=lines; ranks; thus a body of soldiers is reckoned as containing so many *files*.

420. *Held.*] Cf. Note 290.

421. *Joshua's moon in Ajalon.*] See Joshua X, 12.

422. *Beacons.*] i. e. gives light as a beacon; lights up; illumines.

'That *beacons* the darkness of heaven.'

Campbell.

423. *Grooves*] = furrows; channels.

425. *Cathay.*] A synonym for China.

429. *Well*] = flow; spring.

431. *For me.*] Elliptical for 'as far as I am concerned'; 'for aught I care.'

'When a lady elopes down a ladder of ropes,
She may go to Hong-kong *for me!*'

Song.

432. *The margin.*] i. e. the horizon.

—*Holt*] = a wood, or piece of woodland; especially, a woody hill. (Obsolete, except in poetry.)

'The wind in *holts* and shady greaves.'

Fairfax.

436. *Coventry.*] An ancient city of Warwickshire, one of the north-western counties of England.

437. *Hung*] = loitered; lingered.

460. *Fillip'd.*] '*To fillip* (a word probably formed from the sound)=to strike with the nail of the finger, first placed against the ball of the thumb, and forced from that position with a sudden spring; to snap with the finger.' *Webster.*

'You *fillip* me o' the head.'

Skakspere.

466. *Parted*] = departed; went away; left.

468. *From all the compass.*] i. e. from all points of the compass; from all quarters; from every side.

472. *Loose.*] i. e. release them from the tax.

477. *Bower.*] Anciently, a chamber; a lodging-room.

'She led him up into a goodly *bower.*'

Spenser.

478. *Wedded eagles.*] i. e. the clasps, formed in the device of eagles.

481. *Anon*] = in a short time; soon; presently.

486. *Palfrey.*] i. e. a small horse; a lady's horse.

—*Trapt*] = dressed with ornaments; adorned; so the *trappings* of anything are the caparisons or decorations.

'To deck his hearse, and *trap* his tomb-black steed.'

Spenser.

495. *Chinks*] = small gaps or cracks.

497. *Bore up.*] i. e. sustained; kept from faltering or failing.

—*Not less*] = nevertheless; notwithstanding.

498. *Elder-thicket.*] i. e. a thicket of elder-bushes—a genus of plants having large umbels of white flowers and dark red or purple berries.

501. *Churl.*] Cf. Part I, 305.

—*Compact*] = composed or made of. (Considered obsolete.)

'A wandering fire
Compact of unctuous vapour.'

Milton.

=*Thankless*] = unthankful; ungrateful.

502. *Byword.*] i. e. a common saying; a proverb; generally expressing reproach or contempt.

503. *Boring a little augur-hole.*] i. e. piercing a little hole with an augur (or auger)—an instrument like a gimlet used by carpenters and others for boring or perforating holes.

—*In fear*] = with fear; fearfully.

506. *Wait*] = attend; accompany.

507. *Cancell'd*] = annulled; destroyed; obliterated.

531. *Martins.*] Birds of the genus *Hirundo*, or swallow kind, which form their nests about buildings. (Written also *marten.*)

548. *The Oriel.*] i. e. the oriel-window, a large kind of bay or recessed window, found in chapels, halls, state-apartments, and the like.

555. *Shows*] = appears; looks; seems.

560. *Close-matted.*] i. e. closely intertwined, entangled.

—*Bur and broke and briar.*] A *bur* is a thistle, or, generically, any rough prickly husk or coating of a flower or fruit. *Brake* = brushwood; brambles, &c. *Briar* (or *brier*) is a species of wild rose.

561. *Glimpsing.*] i. e. appearing in glimpses. Cf. Part II, 471.

568. *Order'd*] = arranged; set; placed.

573. *Coverlet.*] i. e. the uppermost cover of a bed; the counterpane.

'Odoured sheets and arras *coverlet.*

Spenser.

579. *Star-broider'd.*] i. e. embroidered with stars.

—*Coverlid.*] The same as *coverlet.* (573.)

585. *Inform*] = imbue; animate.

'Breath *informs* this fleeting frame.'

Prior.

605. *Close*] = an inclosed place; especially a small field or piece of land surrounded by a wall, fence, or hedge of any kind.

633. *Hubbub*] = a confused noise; tumult; uproar; riot.

646. *By holy rood.*] i. e. rod, or cross. *By the rood* = by the cross—a phrase formerly used in swearing.

'No, *by the rood*, not so.' *Shakspere.*

651. *Pardy.*] A corruption of the French *pardi, pardine.*

652. *Something*] = somewhat; in some degree.

'Something too much of this.'

Byron.

653. *Pass*] = accept; ratify; sanction; as, 'the bill *passed* both houses of the legislature.'

658. *Put the question by.*] i. e. turned aside the subject, evaded the matter.

673. *Bar.*] i. e. cloud.

680. *Buoy'd*] = bore up; kept afloat; supported.

—*The crescent-bark.*] i. e. the moon.

694. *Warren.*] i. e. a piece of ground appropriated to the breeding and preservation of rabbits.

700. *Amphion.*] The son of Jupiter and Antiope, who raised the walls of Thebes by the music of his lyre. He and his brother Zethus were said to be the inventors of music.

702. *Scion.*] i. e. a small shoot or twig of a tree or shrub.

704. *Limber*] = flexible; pliant; yielding.

712. *Set up*] = to raise; to utter loudly; to elevate; as, to *set up* the voice.

'Ill *set up* such a cry as she shall hear.'

Dryden.

—*Pipes.*] i. e. a wind instrument consisting of a connected series of small tubes of wood or metal of different dimensions —said to have been the invention of the river-god Pan.

714. *Hornpipes.*] The *hornpipe* is a lively and characteristic British dance; as, the 'sailor's *hornpipe;*' the 'college *hornpipe;*' &c.

717. *Pirouetted.*] i. e. wheeled; twirled, as in dancing.

729. *Shock-head.*] i. e. shaggy, rough-topped.

731. *Alder.*] A tree, usually growing in moist land, hence the epithet *wet-shot,* and belonging to the genus *Alnus.*

732. *Yews.*] Evergreen trees of the genus *Taxus,* allied to the pines, and found frequently in English church-yards.

734. *Poussetting*] = dancing.

—*Sloe-tree.*] The *Prunus spinosa*, a small tree bearing a bitter wild plum.

737. *Plump'd.*] To *plump* = to plunge or fall like a heavy mass or lump of dead matter; to fall suddenly or at once.

748. *Without measure*] = without limit; without stint; without restraint.

754. *Scirrhous*] = twisted; knotty.

764. *Pleading.*] i. e. arguing; reasoning; as one *pleads* a cause before a judge.

773. *Slips.*] i. e. twigs or cuttings from the main stock.

'A native *slip* to us from foreign seeds.'

Shakspere.

774. *Van Diemen.*] An island lying to the extreme south of Australia—generally called *Tasmania.*

800. *Sward.*] i. e. the grassy surface of the land, or that part which is occupied by the roots of grass.

810. *Argent.*] i. e. anything made of or resembling silver —here, the moon.

822. *Strows.*] i. e. *strews*, which is the generally used form = scatters.

866. *They twain*] = they *two*. *Twain* is almost obsolete in common discourse, but it is used in poetry and burlesque.

869. *Order all things duly.*] i. e. arrange everything properly; keep everything in due order.

942. *Mien*] = air; appearance; bearing.

958. *Orbs of song.*] = circles of song.

983. *Plover.*] A bird of several species, frequenting the river-bank and sea-shore, and belonging to the genus *Charadrius.*

995. *Well.*] Elliptical for 'it is well.'

PART IV.

2. *Ears.*] i. e. the ears, or heads, of corn.

3. *Fell out*] = disagreed; quarrelled.

'A soul exasperated in ills *falls out*
With everything, its friends, itself.'

Addison.

20. *Tattoo'd or woaded.*] To *tattoo* is to colour or dye the flesh by pricking in fluids, so as to form lines and figures. *Woaded* = coloured or stained with woad; i. e., a blue juice or liquid derived from the plant of the same name.

25. *A bird's-eye-view.*] i. e. a view seen from above, as if by a flying bird; a general view; not minute, or entering into details.

28. *Lycian custom.*] What particular custom the poet here refers to is not clearly apparent. The people of Lycia (the smallest amongst the provinces of Asia Minor, originally *Milyas*, but subsequently named *Lycia* after *Lycus* — son of the Athenian king Pandion — who took refuge there) were noted for their sobriety and love of justice. Hence the social status of women was probably higher and more respected amongst the Lycians than it was in the neighbouring countries.

29.] *Lar and Lucumo.*] *Lar* or *Lars*, a name applied to the kings of Etruria. *Lucumo* is also Etrurian; it signifies: 1. a human being possessed by a demon (a demoniac) or an inspired one; 2. an Etrurian prince or priest. Cf. Müller 'Etruria', vol. I. page 364, and Niebuhr, 'history of Rome', vol. I. page 123.

32. *Warming.*] i. e. becoming animated, interested, or excited.

33. *Fulmined.*] i. e. uttered or issued with authority and vehemence.

—*Laws Salique.*] or *Salic* (derived from the *Salian* Franks), i. e. laws by which, as in France, males only can come to the throne.

51. *Thence.*] i. e. from this cause; for this reason.

59. *Horn-handed.*] i. e. hard, rough-handed; having hands made by labour like horn.

—*The glebe*] = the soil; the ground.

62. *Elizabeth.*] i. e. Elizabeth, queen of England.

63. *The peasant Joan.*] i. e. Joan of Arc.

64. *Sappho.*] A native of Lesbos, famous for her poetical talents and amorous disposition. Being disappointed in love, she took what is called 'the lover's leap.'

67. *Oasis.*] i. e. a fertile place in a sandy or barren desert.

—*Lapt.*] Cf. Part III, 371.

75. *Liberal offices.*] i. e. liberal capacities or occupations

> '*Liberal* arts, as distinguished from *mechanical* arts, are such as depend more on the exertion of the mind than on the labour of the hands, and regard amusement, curiosity, or intellectual improvement, rather than the necessity of subsistence, or manual skill.'
>
> *Webster.*

76. *Plummets.*] A *plummet* is a piece of lead attached to a line, used in sounding the depth of water.

> 'I'll sink him deeper than e'er *plummet* sounded.'
>
> *Shakspere.*

106. *Scar*] = a bare and broken place on the side of a mountain. (Written also *scaur.*)

107. *Elfland.*] i. e. the land of elves; fairy-land.

143. *Pipe and trill, and cheep and twitter.*] These are all words descriptive of the notes and song of a bird.

152. *Wanton.*] i. e. rove and ramble without restraint; revel; play loosely.

196. *The main.*] i. e. the open sea; the ocean.

207. *The gold fin.*] i. e. the fin of the gold fish.

—*The porphyry font.*] i. e. the marble fountain or basin wherein water is contained.

205. *Danaë.*] The daughter of Acrisius, king of Argos, whom Jupiter visited in a golden shower.

215. *Lives*] = is; exists.

224. *Vats.*] i. e. large vessels or cisterns for holding liquors, &c., whilst yet in an immature state.

226. *Horns*] = the points or peaks of the mountains.

228. *Firths.*] A *firth* or *frith* is an arm of the sea, as the *Frith* of Forth, in Scotland.

238. *Azure pillars of the hearth*] = blue columns of smoke.

247. *Out of Lethe.*] i. e. out of oblivion; out of obscurity. *Lethe* was the name of a fabled river of hell, which caused forgetfulness of the past to all who drank of its waters.

249. *Stays*] = stops; holds; hinders.

253. *Will serve them both in aiding her.*] i. e. will serve both man and woman in (by) aiding woman.

256. *To burgeon.*] or *bourgeon* = to bud; to branch; to shoot forth.

272. *Twain.*] Cf. Part III, 865.

273. *Full-summ'd*] = fully supplied; completely furnished.

'With prosperous wing *full summed.*

Milton.

284. *Commonplace.*] A *commonplace* is a trite or customary saying; an ordinary everyday remark.

296. *Heavy-shotted hammock-shroud.*] It is customary in cases of death on board ship to sew the body up in its hammock, to which is attached a cannon-shot in order to ensure its sinking when cast into the sea.

326. *The keel.*] i. e. the principal timber in a ship, extending from stem to stern at the bottom, and supporting the whole frame.

333. *Freight*] = burden.

342. *With thee.*] i. e. with the ship.

— *Wells*] = waves (German, *welle*, a wave.)

365. *Yule.*] i. e. Christmas.

385. *Fuller.*] i. e. more complete; more perfect.

399. *Burgeons.*] Cf. 256.

— *Quick.*] A word applied promiscuously to living plants— especially, the hawthorn; quickset.

401. *Ashen roots.*] i. e. the roots of ash-trees.

410. *The sea mew*] = the sea-gull; the mew.

411. *Greening.*] i. e. greenish; or growing green; turning green.

418. *The charge of the Light Brigade.*] At the battle of Balaklava, Octr. 25, 1854—the most daring and brilliant exploit of modern warfare.

522. *Posy*] = a nosegay; a bouquet.

537. *Catch*] = holds; impedes.

575. *The dry-tongued laurels' pattering talk.*] i. e. the rustling sound of the dry leaves of the laurels.

582. *Lebanon.*] i. e. Mount Lebanon, in Syria, famous for its cedars.

599. *So all forlorn,*] i. e. so wholly, so entirely forlorn.

601. *Mattock-harden'd*] = hardened by the use of the mattock i. e. a kind of pick-axe, having the iron ends broad instead of pointed.

618. *Emerald.*] A precious stone of a bright green colour.

619. *Sapphire.*] A species of blue crystal, next in hardness to the diamond.

643. *Fell.*] i. e. a barren stony hill.

648. *Timing.*] i. e. keeping time; in unison.

662. *Daffodil.*] A plant of the genus *Narcissus*, with flowers of a pale yellow.

667. *Jessamine.*] Cf. Part II, 265.

697. *Acacia.*] A genus of leguminous trees and shrubs, usually with thorns and pinnate leaves, and of an airy elegant appearance.

700. *Pimpernel.*] A plant of the genus *Anagallis*, with small flowers, usually scarlet, but sometimes purple, blue, or white.

717. *Larkspur.*] A plant of the genus *Delphinium*, with showy flowers, generally of a vivid blue.

794. *Hubbub.*] Cf. Part III, 633.

805. *Manorial.*] i. e. pertaining to a *manor*, a name given to the land belonging to a nobleman or gentleman.

PART V.

1. *His Memory.*] i. e. the memory of Prince Albert of England—the Prince-Consort.

—*Held.*] Cf. Part III, 290.

7. *Scarce other than*] = almost the same as; hardly different from.

21. *Faction.*] i. e. a political party or society.

75. *Garner'd*] = gathered,

79. *All in all.*] i. e. altogether; wholly; entirely.

97. *Albeit*] = although; notwithstanding.

108. *Hengist.*] Hengist and Horsa were two early Saxon chiefs, who came over to assist the Britons against the Picts and Scots. According to Macaulay they (with Vortigern and Rowena, Arthur and Modred), 'are mythical persons, whose very existence may be questioned, and whose adventures must be classed with those of Hercules and Romulus.'

114. *Mock'd*] = imitated.

115. *Their wont.*] i. e. their custom; their habit.

> 'They are to be called out to their military motions, as was the Roman *wont.*'
>
> *Milton.*

124. *Colewort.*] i. e. a young cabbage; a cabbage before its head becomes firm.

133. *Halt or hunch'd*] = lame or hunch (hump)-backed.

137. *Holp.*] and *helpen* are imperfect and past participle forms of the verb *help*—now, however, obsolete except, as here, in poetry.

148. *The village wife.*] The word *wife* is here used in the general sense of *woman;* as, fish-*wife;* ale-*wife;* house-*wife;* &c.

154. *Front.*] i. e. oppose; meet; encounter.

> 'I shall *front* thee like some staring ghost.'
>
> *Dryden.*

157. *Tend*] = attend.
195. *Creatures.*] i. e. servile dependents.
'Half a dozen ruffians and their *creatures.*'
De Quincey.

213. *Bide*] = abide; await; wait for, as, 'I *bide* my time.'
219. *Weald*] = wild open country—the same as *wold.*
235. *Spared.*[Here = forbore or forborne.
'To pluck and eat my fill I *spared* not.'
Milton.

240. *Housel.*] i. e. the eucharist; the sacred bread. (Now considered obsolete.) *Shrift* is the confession made to a priest. 'A long journey and a short *shrift.*'

246. *Leagued him.*] i. e. leagued himself; so 'he betook him'; 'he repented him'; 'he bethought him'; &c.—a superfluous introduction of the pronoun now fallen into disuse, excepting in poetry.

247. *Waging*] = engaging in; carrying on; maintaining.
'He pondered which of all his sons was fit
To reign, and *wage* immortal war with wit.'
Dryden.

250. *Brook'd*] = bore; endured; as, young men cannot *brook* restraint.

251. *Brake.*] A past participle form of *break*, now obsolete.

256. *List*] = incline; please; choose; as, 'the wind blows whither it *listeth.*'

275. *Pray you.*] (Elliptical) = I pray you.

316. *Prate*] = prattle; loquacity; idle talk.
'Sick of fops, and poetry, and *prate.*'
Pope.

339. *Elves.*] The plural of *elf*—diminutive spirits; fairies.
'Every *elf*, and fairy sprite,
Hop as light as bird from brier.'
Shakspere.

359. *The spigot.*] i. e. the pin or peg put into the hole of a cask to keep in the liquor.

372. *Lay.*] i. e. a song; usually of a narrative character.

387. *Approven*] = approved; chosen; elected.

401. *To play upon*] = to make sport of; to deceive.
'Art thou alive?
Or is it fancy *plays upon* our eyesight?'
Shakspere.

404. *Gadding.*] i. e. roving or rambling idly, without fixed purpose.
'Envy is a *gadding* passion and walketh the streets.'
Bacon.

412. *Come next.*] i. e. come next summer, or when next summer comes; as, *come* Christmas; *come* Michaelmas; &c. This

is an elliptical form of expression, the use of which is now regarded as somewhat of a vulgarism.

416. *Noblest.*] i. e. noblest courtesy.

422. *Forbore his own advantage.*] i. e. forbore to take advantage of any superiority in arms or rank.

428. *Be*] = are.

429. *A thousand-fold.*] i. e., a thousand times. The word *fold* is used with numerals, chiefly in composition, to denote multiplication or increase in geometrical ratio; as, two-*fold*, twice; twenty-*fold*, twenty times.

430. *Runs*] = takes its course; has its direction.

'Little is the wisdom where the flight
So *runs* against all reason.'

Shakspere.

438. *Scape*] = escape. (Obsolete or only poetical.)

441. *That his.*] i. e. his manners.

—*All as soon*] = just as soon; quite as soon; altogether as soon.

451. *Play upon.*] Cf. 401.

—*Harry*] = agitate; worry; harrow.

452. *Brake.*] Cf. 251.

477. *Rapt*] = absorbed; engrossed.

'I'm *rapt* with joy to see my Marcia's tears.'

Addison.

505. *Prone*] = prostrate; flat on the face.

'Which, as the wind
Blew where it listed, laying all things *prone*.'

Byron.

530. *Kith and kin.*] i. e. intimate acquaintances and blood relations.

531. *Clave.*] An obsolete imperfect form of *cleave* = to adhere closely; to unite or be united firmly.

533. *Troth and fealty.*] *Troth* is the old orthography of *truth*, and means *faith, fidelity;* as, 'plighted *troth.*' *Fealty* is the special oath or bond of fidelity and loyalty between a lord and his followers.

540. *Howbeit*] = however; nevertheless; notwithstanding.

545. *Bear with me*] = be patient with me; forbear with me.

550. *Prowess*] = bravery; valour; distinguished gallantry.

552. *Knighthood-errant.*] i. e. the wandering, scattered knighthood. A *knight-errant* was a knight who travelled through the land in search of adventure, or for the purpose of exhibiting military skill and daring.

574. *Throve.*] An obsolete imperfect form of *thrive.*

580. *Ensample*] = example; a pattern or model for imitation. (Now considered obsolete.)

'Being *ensamples* to the flock.'

I Pet. V., 3.

582. *Obtain*] = prevail; succeed. (Rare.)
584. *Scathe.*] (or *scath*) = damage; hurt; harm.
604. *His blood*] = his kindred; race.

'A friend of our own *blood.*' *Waller.*

611. *Fealty*] = loyalty. Cf. 533.
676. *Peradventure*] = by chance; perhaps; it may be.
680. *Charge.*] i. e. earnest or impressive command; direction; injunction.
682. *Helm*] = helmet.
696. *Brake.*] Cf. 251.
722. *Fume*] = fancy; conceit.
774. *Haler*] = healthier; more sound. (Anglo-Saxon *hâl*, sound, whole.) The word *hale* is also sometimes written *hail.*

PART VI.

3. *Wharf.*] Cf. Part I, 412.
6. *Down.*] A tract of uncultivated grassy land; a plain; chiefly used for pasturing sheep.

'Who will over the *downs* with me?'

Old Song.

7. *Barrows.*] i. e. hillocks or mounds of earth, intended as a repository of the dead.
12. *Coco.*] or *Cocoa*, a palm-tree producing the cocoa-nut, is common to almost all tropical countries. It has a bare trunk surmounted by a drooping tuft of large leaves, and attains a height of sixty or eighty feet.
14. *Convolvuluses.*] or more strictly *convolvuli* in the plural. A clinging, creeping, climbing plant of several species, some of which are noted for the beauty of their flowers. A common name for the *Convolvulus* is *bind-weed.*
18. *Fain.*] i. e. with joy or pleasure; gladly.

'*Fain* would I woo her, yet I dare not.

Shakspere.

22. *Roller.*] In nautical phrase, one of a series of heavy waves which set in upon a coast without wind.
27. *The seaward-gazing gorge.*] i. e. the gorge which looked toward, or faced, the sea.
41. *Crowsfoot.*] i. e. the wrinkles that appear, usually as the effect of age, under and around the outer corners of the eyes—so called from their resemblance to the impression of the foot of a crow.
44. *Catspaw.*] i. e. the instrument which another uses to accomplish his purposes. The term is derived from the fable of the monkey who used the paws of the cat to draw the hot chestnuts out of the fire.

68. *Tithonus.*] A son of Laomedon, king of Troy, who was beloved by Aurora. He obtained immortality from the goddess, but as he forgot to ask for a renewal of his youth and vigour, his life became a burden to him.

97. *Ordinance.*] i. e. a rule established by authority; an edict; a decree.

'Thou'lt die by God's just *ordinance.*'

Shakspere.

98. *Meet*] = fit; suitable; proper.

'It was *meet* that we should make merry.'

Luke XV, 32.

124. *Portals.* This word would here seem to be used in its literal sense—*entries, gates,* &c.—and must be taken as alluding to the visionary temple of the goddess (Aurora) seen by Tithonus. Cf. '*glimmering thresholds,*' line 135.

130. *Ilion.*] Cf. Part I, 683.

138. *Barrows.*] Cf. Note 7.

155. *Harbour-bar.*] i. e. a bank of sand, gravel, or other matter, forming a shoal at the mouth of a harbour, obstructing entrance or rendering it difficult.

164. *Limpet.*] A small shell-fish of the genus *Patella,* usually found adhering to rocks.

165. *Scrawl.*] This is a Lincolnshire term for the young dog-crab.

188. *Eroses*] i.e. Cupids. *Eros* was one of the various names by which the god of love was known. The compound adjective *apple-cheeck'd* here means *smooth, rosy, round-faced; bright and boyish.*

189. *Shallop.*] Cf. Part I, 275.

199. *Facets.*] This word is from the French *facette,* the diminutive of face. Here it means the small surfaces; as, the *facets* of a diamond.

205. *Compass*] = the range of notes, or sound, possessed by any voice or instrument.

207. *Mock.*] Here = taunt; ridicule; tantalize.

'He will not
Mock us with his blest sight, then snatch him hence.'

Milton.

274. *Empyrëan.*] i. e. the highest heaven.

'The *empyrean* rung
With hallelujahs.'

Milton.

275. *Onset*] = a rushing or setting upon; a violent attack; an assault.

'The shout
Of battle now began, and rushing sound
Of *onset.*'

Milton.

276. *Me rather.*] Elliptical for *me rather had* = I had rather. This is an old impersonal usage, of which the similar expressions *methinks* and *meseems* are the most common examples. So in *Rich II.* Act III, 3:—

'*Me rather had* my heart might feel your love,'

and the same kind of idiom occurs in Chaucer, in the Prologue to the Canterbury Tales:—

'For *him was lever* han at his beddes hed
A twenty bokes clothed in black or red.'

301. *Xanthus.*] or *Scamander*, a river of Troas, between which and the river Simois Troy is supposed to have been situated.

305. *Hard by*] = near by; close at hand; not far off.

'*Hard by* a cottage window smokes.'

Milton.

308. *Thorpe and byre.*] *Thorpe.* Cf. Part II, 545. *Byre* = a cow-house.

313. *Thor and Odin.*] The two principal deities of the Scandinavians, the latter (*Odin*) being their supreme being, and the same as *Wodan* or *Woden* of the German tribes. *Thor*, the god of thunder, was his son.

322. *Spoil'd*] = despoiled; plundered.

'My sons their old unhappy sire despise,
Spoiled of his kingdom, and deprived of eyes.

Pope.

327. *Scathed*] = scorched.

'As when heaven's fire
Hath *scathed* the forest oak.'

Milton.

387. *To right*] = to do justice to; to relieve from injustice; as, to *right* an injured person.

395. *Lucretius.*] One of the greatest Roman poets, who was born (according to Clinton) B. C. 95, and died B. C. 55. He is alleged to have committed suicide.

407. *The Teacher.*] i. e. Empedocles.

408. *Brook'd.*] Cf. Part V, 250.

410. *Philtre.*] i. e. a potion or charm intended to excite love; to awaken the passions; or to recall a lost love.

414. *Chemic labour.*] i. e. the chemical working or exertion.

422 *A fork.*] i. e. a flash of lightning; forked lightning.

426. *But yester-eve*] = only yesterday evening; as recently as yesterday evening.

434. *Inane*] = infinite space; vacuity. (Rare.)

'It moves or stands still in the undistinguishable *inane* of infinite space.'

Locke.

441. *Sylla.*] or *Sulla*, was a celebrated Roman general and statesman, who, in retaliation for the murder of his friends

and adherents during his absence in Asia, instigated a wholesale massacre on his return to Rome. He died B.C. 78. aged 60.

444. *Cadmean teeth.*] Cadmus, son of Agenor by Telephana or Agriope, was ordered by his father to go in search of his sister Europa, whom Jupiter had carried away. Amongst the various adventures arising from this fruitless quest was an encounter with a dragon, which guarded a well sacred to Jupiter. By the assistance of Minerva he overcame this monster, and, on the advice of the goddess, sowed its teeth in a plain, upon which armed men suddenly rose up from the ground. Cadmus hereat cast a stone in their midst, and they instantly turned their arms one against the other, till all perished except five, who aided him in building the city of Thebes.

446. *Hetairai.*] Unmarried women among the Greeks, generally famous for their wit and beauty, and who engaged themselves to men as intimate companions.

448. *The mulberry-faced Dictator.*] i. e. Vitellius.

464. *Proœmion.*] i. e. prelude; the opening or prologue of a song or speech.

472. *Fain.*] Cf. Note 18.

476. *Mavors.*] A poetical name for *Mars*, god of war, and son of Jupiter and Juno.

480. *Ida.*] Cf. Part I, 671.

482. *The Trojan.*] i. e. Paris, son of Priam, who in his youth was a shepherd on Mount Ida.

483. *Her wounded hunter.*] i. e. Adonis.

487. *The great Sicilian.*] i. e. Empedocles.

488. *Calliope.*] The Muse of heroic poetry; so named from her beautiful voice.

489. *Kypris.*] i. e. Cypris—a large island in the Mediterranean sea, sometime celebrated as the residence of Venus.

513. *Memmius.*] Caius Memmius, a Roman knight, famous for his eloquence and poetical talents. It was to him that Lucretius dedicated his poem.

553. *Harpies.*] The *Harpies* were fabulous winged monsters, ravenous and filthy, having the faces of women and the bodies and claws of vultures.

—*Miring*] = soiling or daubing with mud or foul matter.

571. *Slough.*] i. e. skin or covering; as a snake is said to *cast his slough.*

578. *Arbutus.*] i. e. the strawberry-tree, a genus of evergreen shrubs of the heath family.

581. *Faun.*] A god of fields and shepherds, differing little from the satyr, being half goat and half man.

582. *Oread.*] Cf. Part I, 745.

588. *Twy-natured.*] i. e. two natured; double natured—both man and beast, as a satyr.

593. *She.*] i. e. the Oread.

600. *Whelm*] = overwhelm; cover completely.

603. *Childly wont.*] i. e. childhood custom; early habit.

615. *Spoils*] = destroys; vitiates; mars.

616. *In being.*] i. e. in existing; in living.

629. *One name with her.*] i. e. Lucretia, the daughter of Lucretius and wife of Collatine, who, being violated by Sextus Tarquinius, stabs herself in the presence of her husband and his friends. These, in revenge, resolve to root out the whole hated family of the Tarquins, which is eventually done, and the state government changed from kings to consuls.

633. *Peers.*] Cf. Part III, 187.

655. *Ixionian wheel.*] Ixion, the father of the Centaurs, who for rivalling Jupiter, and slandering Juno, was fastened to a wheel in the infernal regions, which continually revolved over a river of fire.

689. *Unsolders*] = separates; disunites; sunders.

702. *My brand Excalibur.*] i. e. the famous sword of king Arthur, which, according to the popular legend, he unfixed from a miraculors stone, though previously two hundered and one of the most powerful barons of the realm had singly been unable to extract it. Tennyson, however, accounts for Arthur's possession of the sword in a different way.

709. *I am sung or told.*] i. e. I am sung of or spoken of. So Dryden's, 'Arms and the man *I sing.*'

712. *Mere*] = a pool or lake.

714. *Lightly*] = nimbly; quickly.

715. *Meet.*] Cf. Note 98.

718. *Hest*] = behest; command; injunction. (Now considered obsolete.)

721. *Athwart.*] Cf. Part I, 20.

731. *Haft*] = handle; hilt.

732. *Topaz-lights.*] i. e. the lights or gleams from a topaz —a valuable gem of a pale yellow or olive-green colour.

—*Jacinth-work.*] Jacinth is a different orthography of hyacinth, a reddish pellucid gem.

738. *Waterflags*] = reeds; rushes.

750. *Fealty,*] Cf. Part V, 533.

755. *Lief.*] = beloved. (Written also *leef*, *leve*, and *lieve.*]

761. *Chased*] = wrought; engraved; ornamented.

777. *Joust.*] or *Just* = a tilt; a tournament; a mock encounter.

'Hold those *justs* and triumphs?'

Rich. II. Act V. 2.

804. *For a man.*] i. e. inasmuch as a man; since, or because a man, &c.

810. *Bulrush-beds.*] i. e. the beds or belts of rushes. Cf. Part II, Note 72.

818. *He.*] i. e. the sword Excalibur.

857. *Clothed with his breath.*] i. e. enveloped with his clouds of breath as with mist.

861. *Harness*] = armour; accoutrements.

'At least we'll die with *harness* on our back.'

Shakspere.

868. *Hove.*] i. e. came in sight; appeared; as, a vessel *hove* in sight.

870. *They were ware*] = aware; conscious. (Obsolete.)

'It was a palmer from Palestine
Came into London-town,
And he was *ware* of a lady fair
That from a bower looked down.' *Old Ballad.*

876. *Shrills.*] To *shrill* = to utter an acute, piercing sound; to sound in a sharp, shrill tone.

'Break we our pipes that *shrilled* as loud as lark.'

Spenser.

884. *Casque*] = helmet.

890. *Greaves and cuisses.*] *Greaves*, Cf. Part I, 329. *Cuisses*, or *Cuishes* are defensive armour for the thighs.

891. *Onset.*] Cf. Note 275.

897. *Lance in rest.*] In ancient armour the *rest* was a projection from the right side of a coat of mail, serving to support the butt of a lance.

'Their visors closed, *their lances in the rest.*'

Dryden.

905. *Chance*] = opportunity; occasion.

907. *The light that led &c.*] i. e. the star in the east.

944. *With swarthy webs.*] i. e. with black webbed feet.

945. *The hull.*] or *hulk* is the frame or body of a vessel exclusive of masts, sails, rigging &c.

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Tennyson, Alfred,

A Selection from the Works of Alfred Tennyson Poet Laureate with a memoir of the author and explanatory notes ; for the use of schools and private tuition

Leipzig 1872

Bamberg, Staatsbibliothek -- L.angl.o.174-a
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